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LONDON DIARY
A. J. P. Taylor

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R. H. S. Crossman

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Basil Davidson

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The Sunny Side of Jermyn Street

THREE years ago, the appointment of the Wolfenden Committee had two immediate consequences, one foreseen and one not altogether expected. First, the public controversy about homosexuality, touched off by a series of notorious, needless and bungled prosecutions, died away in the temporary manner that has always made government committees of inquiry a godsend to tired administrations. Secondly, pavement soliciting by women prostitutes in London began to increase, spreading quickly to areas – residential areas – where it had been a comparatively minor problem. Among these, Stepney and the Bayswater districts have probably been suffering the most; and in these districts the amount of open soliciting, insolence and public indecency has passed the level of public tolerance.

The Wolfenden Committee, being no doubt in a position to base its recommendations on a wealth of information (or opinion) about the social causes of prostitution, will probably suggest ways of dealing with them. This is precisely what it should do: its recommendations ought to be radical, and not in the least concerned with palliatives. But whatever it says, the effect on the current situation will be nil if it is true at the moment that the police are, as the Home Secretary maintains, 'doing all they can'. Even if the statutory powers of the police and the courts are inadequate, a working compromise, doubtful in law but reasonable in practice, has been evolved over the years – especially in relation to the perfunctory 'proof' of annoyance – which enables street prostitutes to be brought into court without too much affront to civil liberty: so a strengthening of the law merely by more formal definitions of soliciting and nuisance might do no more than bring it into conformity with practice. It is the penalty which needs re-examination: a 40s. fine makes light of anything the police can do. Heavier penalties – one often hears the suggestion of £50 or three months – would beyond doubt have an immediate effect: another shift of locality, elimination of the evening or week-end 'amateur', higher prices, and of course the growth of that clearly recognised alternative, the call-girl system with its swollen retinue of exploiters, concerned to cover the greater cost.

This journal has always opposed the treatment of prostitution, as of any other aspect of private sex-life between adults, on a basis of moral indignation: prostitution is a function of our social pattern, and the prostitute has rights as a citizen which must be respected. So, however, has the rest of the community; and public decency is a valid concept no less than public order. The long-term recommendations which the country rightly awaits from the Wolfenden Committee will leave the citizens of Stepney and Bayswater without the immediate redress to which they have become entitled.

The recent report by a social welfare group in Stepney (though its effect was to bring local conditions on to the front pages of the newspapers) made absolutely no recommendations. The Annual Report of the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, published last week, makes no single reference to prostitution from cover to cover – the problem might not exist. The prolonged 'imminence' of the Wolfenden Report – which, we understand, will not now be made public until September – has given rise to an official inertia. Even when Mr Butler was asked if he would go to Stepney and see for himself what conditions were like, he said No: he must not anticipate the Wolfenden Report – and Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith had to go instead.

A determined police 'drive' against the women and their ponces – and, wherever possible, against their clients, would be a distasteful business, but on any reckoning it is the lesser of two evils. It is also practical. It would call for a considerable short-term re-deployment of police resources. The Metropolitan Police are 4,000 below their authorised strength, but this has never stopped them finding constables by the thousand for special ceremonial occasions and race days. It could be done. The women would be driven back to the non-residential areas where their presence is at least familiar and causes minimum offence. The problem could thus be contained while the Wolfenden proposals were being examined and any necessary legislation prepared and passed.

Comments on the Week's News

The Plot Thickens in Oman

The Foreign Office is making every possible attempt to stifle the flow of news from Oman. The Muscat government has refused all visa applications by journalists. Several nevertheless succeeded in getting to Muscat town; they have now been ejected, and have retired to Sharjah, on the Trucial Coast, where the RAF enjoys user rights on the airport and uses it as the operational base for the air strikes. As the airport is a civil one, the Foreign Office has not entirely succeeded in eliminating contacts between journalists and RAF pilots, but they have now 'remedied' the situation by making the Political Residency in Bahrein, over 300 miles away, the sole channel of news. This secretiveness, characteristic of the Foreign Office in the Persian Gulf, seems to have been intensified by the failure of the operations to go according to plan. The demonstration strikes by four Venoms, designed to frighten the dissident sheikhs into loyalty, have clearly failed in their object; they have been stepped up to three a day, and the number of planes has been increased to ten. What is worse, it is now obvious that British ground forces are to intervene, and a column of Cameronians—estimates of its strength vary—is already assembling at Buraimi, the gateway to the Omani interior. Reports from Riyadh indicate that these developments have placed King Saud in an increasingly embarrassed position. The Imam appears to have armed some 200 followers in Saudi Arabia, but most of his weapons were shipped in by sea on the Muscat Coast, and there is no evidence at all that he received active assistance from the Saudi government. But if the fighting goes on, Saud may change his attitude; he is already under strong criticism, above all from within his own family, for his pro-western line in recent months. He may soon have to choose between helping the Imam and abdication. In either event, the situation in Oman would be transformed, and the whole of America's new Middle Eastern policy jeopardised. In short, the failure to suppress the Omani rising promptly may lead to the situation we envisaged last week, in which Britain will gradually and involuntarily become involved in a full-scale campaign. The analogy with last year is a close one. Now, as then, the Labour leadership has failed to make it clear how far it is prepared to support the government should the situation deteriorate further during the recess; a crisis can develop in the next few weeks, and when parliament reassembles Labour may be confronted with a *fait accompli* which leaves it no alternative but to oppose the government and split the country.

Dulles ex Machina

Mr Dulles's descent on London to save the foundering disarmament talks is something of a mystery. British government sources are still not quite clear what is in his mind. The explanation may simply be that Mr Dulles, who now considers that he has successfully 'stabilised' the position in the Middle East after the November crisis, is looking for fresh worlds to conquer. In recent months, disarmament has shifted to the centre of the world's attention; it is a subject on which, hitherto, he has not usually been considered an expert, and he is now anxious to familiarise himself with the details by on the spot inquiries. But it is also believed that he has become increasingly irritated by the way Mr Stassen has 'stolen' disarmament from the detailed control of the State Department, with the consequent clash of opinion between the White House and the Pentagon. Mr Dulles has always advocated the closest possible co-ordination between diplomatic and military policy, and he intends to guide the disarmament negotiations back on to lines approved of by the chiefs of staff. It may be that he has in his pocket a plan for an unconditional suspension of nuclear tests for a short period—perhaps for as little as six months—a proposal which would go some way towards satisfying liberal opinion, and would arouse no insuperable objections from the military, because it is too short to impede seriously their testing programme. But his interest will centre mainly on aerial inspection zones, which all along has been the form of disarmament favoured by American military planners. There are, at the moment, three sets of proposals: the rival East and West 'longitudinal' area proposals, and Mr Dulles' own 'latitudinal' plan, based on a creeping zone starting from the North Pole. But all have the same object—and it is primarily a military one—to remove the possibility of a surprise attack. The Pentagon recognises that the weakness of the deterrent policy is that surprise could still give either side a crucial military advantage, and that it is only when surprise has been eliminated that the deterrent becomes absolute. But this is a very different matter from disarmament as such; indeed, the difference between Mr Dulles and Mr Stassen centres not so much on any one set of proposals, as on the ultimate object of the negotiations.

German Electoral Prelude

With the election only six weeks ahead, the German air is heavy with diplomatic clichés. Both the Grotewohl declaration and the four-power western statement it was designed to forestall were obviously drawn up with the West German electorate in mind, but it is difficult to see how they are going to influence any votes. Neither contains anything new. Herr Grotewohl's proposal for an all-German council was put forward by Molotov in November 1955 and promptly rejected by all the West German parties; there seems no purpose whatever in reviving it now. The western statement is of far older vintage—some of its clichés were first coined in the Palais Rose—and it lacks even the negative virtue of clarity. It also contains some curious statements. One sentence—'The western powers cannot contemplate that the existence of Nato itself should be the subject of negotiations'—sounds dangerously like one of those 'never' remarks which Sir Winston Churchill said have no place in politics. There is a growing realisation in the West that any settlement in central Europe will involve changes in Nato, and that these will certainly have to be negotiated. Both the Social Democrats and the Free Democrats now accept neutralisation as the price for reunification, and so, for that matter, does the British Labour Party. Since the Hungarian revolt revealed the vulnerability of the Soviet satellite empire, the chances of securing the evacuation of Russian troops from eastern Europe has probably increased; but the least that we shall have to offer in return is a withdrawal from West Germany and formal guarantees that a reunified Germany will not join any military bloc. The western declaration, in fact, takes no note of the changes that have occurred in the past two years, and perhaps the most charitable explanation is that it was written to please Dr Adenauer, who has passed the age at which new ideas are welcome.

The Picket Line

Both the busmen and the public must have been surprised by the eleven shilling award of the tribunal – the busmen because they assumed that the tribunal would follow the normal course of splitting the difference between the two sides, and the public because the press had created the impression that the busmen had no real case. This impression, of course, was promoted by the attention given to a relatively small number of incidents: these were deplorable and unnecessary, and the lesson to be drawn from them is that unions calling a strike – and they have had very little experience of official strikes in recent years – must take greater care to control and direct their picket lines. This is not easy, especially if tempers are running high and if the dispute is in a trade – such as the London markets – where blackleg labour can be employed. (A big factory or a pit or a railway is usually shut down when its skilled men go out.) But the course of the Covent Garden dispute suggests that a proper inquiry into the organisation of the markets is long overdue, and it would seem sensible to grant the original union demand for a court of inquiry rather than to see the dispute continuing to cause irritation and inconvenience. There is no doubt that the 'document' which the 'servants' were asked to sign by the 'tenants' would drastically change working conditions, and not by any means to the men's advantage. It is also true that the employers' claim that men are being paid commission for work they do not do comes ill from traders who themselves work on commission: this is a normal but not specially desirable business practice followed by agents, salesmen and so forth. But beyond the immediate dispute lies the fact that conditions in these markets are unsatisfactory; they are congested, inefficient and possibly open to abuses which in the US have led to racketeering against the interests of the workers, the traders and the public. If the pickets in Covent Garden have drawn attention to the fact that this is an inefficient and archaic method of getting foodstuffs from grower to greengrocer, something will have been gained by this strike.

NEXT WEEK

The Walrus and the Carpenter

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Yugoslavia after Djilas

BARBARA CASTLE

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The African Case in Kenya

In the proposals put forward by Mr Tom Mboya and his colleagues, the point which has received most attention is the demand for an increase of 15 African elected members in the legislature. It is based on the contention that it is physically impossible for eight members properly to represent six million people, most of them illiterate, and spread over vast constituencies ill-served by communications. The fact that this increase would mean the substitution of African for European parity on the representative side of the Council is primarily a matter of prestige. The presence of the 26 official members ensures that even with this increase the African elected members cannot dominate the legislature. But Mr Mboya makes it clear that even if this is conceded the Africans will not participate in the working of the Lyttelton constitution. The African members contend that a pre-requisite of constitutional discussion is a definition of political objectives. Given a declaration by the British government that it aims at the ultimate establishment of an untrammelled democracy, and given the means of testing African opinion by the provision of more realistic representation in the legislature, they are willing to embark on constitutional discussions with a view to assuming their proper responsibilities. They recognise that the fears of racial minorities have to be reckoned with, and for this reason they accept for the present the communal system of representation. They are even willing to accept for the election of the new African members the present restricted franchise, provided the registers are first re-opened to enable African interest in politics, greatly stimulated by recent events, to take its effect. Here is a case to answer. Surely, after the informal talks he has been holding in London, Mr Lennox-Boyd ought as his next job to pay a visit to Nairobi and promote a realistic conference.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Moscow

Towards a Soviet Art

Denis Mathews, recently returned from the USSR, writes: The Russians have found themselves travelling on a one-way street for the last year or two. Krushchev's speech to the 20th Congress of the Communist Party set the direction. The relaxation has shown itself in all manner of ways in everyday life and the artists have been no exception. Conversation with the painters and critics now is not nearly so tricky as a few years back. They recognise that western painters are often working effectively when being Realistic of not Socialistically Realistic.

The more genial mood is not just relaxation in the political atmosphere, it is an aesthetic revulsion against the academic conservatism that was in control of the Artists' Union. A real yardstick of quality is now on view that was not to be seen three years ago. The Pushkin Museum of Western Art shows some magnificent galleries of French Impressionists, Post-Impressionists and 20th-century masters. That is in Moscow. Riga, in Soviet Latvia, had recently a large and well-arranged show of French reproductions. These included Rouault, Clavé, Braque and late Picasso. The exhibition was well attended. At the Hermitage in Leningrad, there are 43 galleries of the French School alone. Monet, Cezanne, Matisse, Gauguin and Picasso had a gallery each – a superb display. That a deep impression has been made was shown at an exhibition of young contemporaries held earlier this year. People are still talking about it, approving of the attitude, if not of all the exhibits. One older artist told me that he had been on the selection committee. He thought many of the pictures were banal reactions against the work of an older generation, but it was still better that they should be seen.

'Our work must seem demodé to you,' Alexander Konstaninovsky, a Leningrad artist, said to me. 'But an "old-fashioned" flavour is not important one way or the other in the perspective of art history. Genuine sincerity is the substance of lasting interest.' My thoughts flitted over a great deal of the abstract comment to be seen in the more voguish western exhibitions. 'For the Russian taste,' Goncharov, one of the more progressive Soviet artists, had said, 'abstraction can only remain alive in the decorative and fine arts. The artist, as interpreter of life, must make individual comment on objective reality.' Visiting the studios in Leningrad, Moscow, Kiev and Tbilisi, I found plenty of things that would fit into London Group exhibitions here. This is only a part of what is being done, but it would be surprising if greater confidence does not grow within the next decade. It would be idle to pretend that a large exhibition of contemporary Soviet painting would be widely appreciated here by any art public apart from Royal Academy visitors; but the minority of a dozen or so painters would be a good introduction to the new direction.

I asked Goncharov what support his painting received from official sources. 'Not much', he replied. 'Only from the private collector. Do you ever expect official circles to step outside the convention to which they are accustomed? Anyway, book illustration and theatre décor enable us to get by very well. If you compromise after that, it's your own affair. . . .' Pre-revolutionary painting and that which followed in the 1920s had many examples of Cubist influence from the West. In a way, this represented a reaction against the academic approach. As everyone knows, this was followed by an appeal to the uninitiated, which gave great encouragement to mediocre naturalism. The present time sees an end of that period and a transition to what may well be a real beginning to a Soviet Art.

Katmandu

Return of the Rebel

A correspondent writes: In Katmandu last Friday a new government of eleven men was sworn in by King Mahendra. Simultaneously he announced a seven-member national committee to aid the government and a five-member committee to expedite work of national importance. Although Dr K. I. Singh is the leader of this government, no one doubts that the real power is the throne. The 38-year-old King Mahendra is hardworking, dictatorial and impatient with the intrigues, corruption and petty personalities of Nepalese political life. Dr K. I. Singh, whom the king asked to form this new government, first leaped into the headlines when he led a coup with the 1,200-strong Raksha Dal (Home Guard) in 1952. But government troops dislodged the rebels the following day, and Dr Singh escaped across the frontier into Tibet, from where he found his way to Peking. At the Bandung conference in 1955, the Chinese government, through Chou En-lai, agreed to his extradition, although they had earlier refused it. In September 1955, Dr Singh and his followers were handed over to Nepalese authorities on the Tibetan frontier and ten days later they were granted a royal pardon. Since then Dr Singh's role has been an odd one. He has formed his own party, like other politicians, and demonstrated just as little aptitude or willingness as they have done in developing the resources of Nepal. But he has the ear of the King and that goes a long way – although it has not yet helped the Nepalese peasant to scratch more food.

One point all Nepalese governments have in common – their dependence on India for economic development. Geography has made it that way and Nepal is for ever a land-locked country with its natural flow of communications into India. When Dr Singh went to Delhi last autumn he admitted: 'We cannot pull on without India. Just look at Nepal's geographical position. We cannot get even salt and matches and other daily necessities unless we come to India'. Whether this was well-meaning or an effort to counter the bad impression created in Delhi by the Sino-Nepalese treaty which had just been signed, Indian authorities were not quite clear. They were not convinced that Dr Singh meant what he said when he told them that 'nobody in Nepal wanted the Sino-Nepalese treaty to be signed'. This was what Indians wanted to hear, for many Indians, like the British before them, like to think of Nepal as a satellite. This policy worked in the good old tiger-shooting days. But things have changed in Katmandu and the doors are open, even if the way in from Calcutta is opened reluctantly. By the treaty (signed last December) China has promised aid to Nepal to the tune of 60 million Rupees, of which 40 million will be in material. Under this same agreement, a group of Indian experts will go to China some time this year to select a cement plant for Nepal. Chinese aid can be made a practical proposition only through India. And, whereas other aid – the Colombo Plan for example – has been niggardly and slow, the Chinese have already given the impression to visiting delegations and through their recent cultural mission to Nepal, of largesse and good-timing. Money talks.

Westminster

Mr Speaker

For two reasons, the House of Commons debate on Mr Wedgwood Benn's motion criticising the Speaker attracted far more visitors to the public gallery and was given far more space in the next day's papers than the fundamentally more important debate which followed it on local government finance. One reason, the minor one, was that the debate seemed likely to produce, and did produce, dramatic human tensions. Here was a comparatively young man, with only short experience of the House, seeming to take the rare step of challenging the Speaker and to take it, moreover, in the face of contemptuous hostility from the government side and against the wishes of his own side.

In my time as visitor, lobby correspondent and, latterly, as member, I have heard a few speeches which were obviously going to be successful from the opening sentences. I have heard many more which, equally obviously from the first few sentences, were going to be failures. But, gener-

ally, speakers in the House seem for a time to be travelling uncertainly along a watershed. One cannot tell whether at last they will come triumphantly down on the side of success or plunge suddenly into an abysmal failure. I remember in the early Thirties listening to Mr Winston Churchill as he began to make a much-heralded attack on the Government of India Bill introduced by Sir Samuel Hoare. The place was packed to hear him, and as he began to sketch the history of our relations with India from the days of Mishter Pitt and Mishter Fox, one felt that here were the makings of what might be a memorable parliamentary occasion. Suddenly the occasion was in ruins; for Churchill was interrupted and, instead of answering the interruptor, brushing him off with a joke or even, possibly, ignoring him, he lost his temper. He was left to gabble away to an emptying House.

Like Churchill, but without either his command of language or his experience, Benn faced a House that was hostile at the start and which wanted him to fail. For some minutes it seemed certain that he would fail, especially when, after all the fuss, he announced that he did not intend to call a vote on his own motion. Disapproval oozed from every pore and the rumblings left him almost inaudible. Then suddenly he widened the area of his speech and began to talk, without arrogance or aggressiveness, about the difficulties which all backbenchers have nowadays in bringing before the House matters which they feel are urgent and important. At once resentment and jealousy were lost in a flood of fellow feeling. At that moment one knew that Benn had taken the decisive step, that he was off the stoney watershed, that he was coming gracefully down the side of success.

But the greater interest in this debate was not Benn but the position of the Speaker himself. Mr W. S. Morrison has, I think, all the characteristics a Speaker needs. He has a ruggedly handsome presence, a commanding eye and a deep, pleasantly Scottish voice. Unlike a pre-war predecessor, he is personally courteous even to the least important member but, when necessary, is not afraid of being tough even with the most important. But when, on the retirement of Mr Speaker Clifton Brown, Mr Morrison was proposed as successor, the Labour Party objected. Although whoever is to be Speaker almost inevitably belongs to a political party, few candidates are considered unless they have served a long apprenticeship as Chairman or Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means, and have thus for years been above party conflict. This enables the House to feel that, though the man may nominally be a Conservative or a Socialist or a Liberal, he has lost any aura of partisanship because of his years of service in the chair. Mr Morrison, however, had not served in the chair. On the contrary, he had been a most active party politician, had held many government offices and had even been a Cabinet minister. Labour, therefore, voted against him. Nobody suggested that he would be partial deliberately; but some did feel that any man who for so long had fought the party battle might have difficulty in subduing the habits of a lifetime, and indeed his natural instincts, when called upon to give a snap judgment.

As things have turned out, Mr. Morrison has been a good Speaker. No one, so far as I know, has seriously questioned his impartiality. Yet still, deep down, despite the evidence of Mr. Morrison's conduct in the chair, many Labour members cannot rid themselves of a feeling that it is unwise, and indeed unfair to the individual concerned, to make anyone Speaker who has been a member of a party Cabinet.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Parliamentary Panel Game

WHO shall be a Labour parliamentary candidate? And who shall make the choice? The structure of the Labour Party, and the methods by which it selects its candidates, have remained unchanged for so long that such questions are rarely asked. Yet a change may now be in the making. One piece of evidence can be found in the current negotiations between the Labour Party and the Co-operative Union; another in the Crossman affair, and in the open complaints by some trade union leaders that they are not getting their due share of seats; and a third in Mr Gaitskell's reported desire to bring the selection of candidates under much closer central control. Though the points at issue may at present seem obscure, they have wide and disturbing implications.

Consider, first, the relations between Labour and the Co-ops. It is argued by Transport House that there is no need for a separate Co-operative Party organisation, and that Co-operative funds are being used to buy seats, although the Co-ops do not help to support the central Labour Party machine. The Labour Party, therefore, wants the Co-ops to affiliate directly at the national and local levels (as the Royal Arsenal Society does at present), to abandon sponsorship in individual constituencies, and to nominate half a dozen 'special' Co-op MPs who could act as spokesmen for Co-operative interests. No doubt the old arrangements with the Co-operative movement seem untidy to Labour Party organisers – and seem unfair, as well, to trade unions which feel that the Co-ops have got their seats on the cheap. But those who propose to put the Co-operative Party out of business (for that is what the Labour demands amount to), should realise that it will not be easy to secure direct affiliation. Many local societies – and they are autonomous politically as well as in trading matters – may simply become non-political and even fall under thinly disguised Conservative control. And the request that they should make direct payments to Transport House at the same time as they surrender their right to sponsorship is almost an ultimatum. Mr Morgan Phillips, in effect, is saying to the Co-operative Union: 'If you pipe down and pay up you can keep six seats as a consolation prize'.

But who has the right to pick the six 'special' MPs, or the six constituencies, which are to be the objects of this deal? The Co-operative Union? Or Transport House? This is a strange and dubious principle, which could limit the right of local parties to choose whom they please. For if this principle were accepted it would open the way to other 'allocations' to interest groups. The miners pay £17,000 a year to the Labour Party. Very well, since that is one-seventh of the total trade union affiliation fees, they should have one-seventh of the trade union seats. (This, incidentally, would give the miners 20 fewer seats than the 34 they hold at present.) What about the General and Municipal Workers? Are they under-represented? Then find six or seven constituencies to take on their men. And don't the unions pay five times as much to Transport House as the constituency parties? Then why should they not be allocated five Labour seats out of six?

Such a carve-up seems ludicrous. Perhaps. But, whatever the merits of the other arguments about the Co-ops, that is the logic of this proposal to restrict them to six 'special' MPs. It is supported, moreover, by plans to increase the amounts which unions can pay to local parties and Transport House and to limit sponsorship to trade union nominees. We agree that the Parliamentary Labour Party should not be stuffed with career politicians from the middle-class: but, equally, it should not be stuffed with trade union nominees who are there simply because they have managed to get on the parliamentary panel of a big trade union. If the present structure of the party in parliament needs revision, there are other ways of achieving this than by setting up two classes of candidates.

More is at stake here, too, than the issue of union versus non-union candidates. Apart from the desire of the unions to strengthen their parliamentary representation, some people are arguing that the National Executive should have greater control over the selection of individual candidates. Nominally, the purpose of such control would be to prevent 'disreputable' persons going forward at elections. In fact, 'disreputable' could be widely and politically construed. It is no secret that some candidates were only endorsed in 1955 because the election was actually under way. The idea is therefore being canvassed that the National Executive should vet nominees before the question of endorsement arises—that it should have the power to exclude any nominee from a selection conference. Another proposition goes even further: no one, it is suggested, should be eligible for nomination who has not already been vetted and placed on the 'A' (sponsored) or 'B' (non-sponsored) lists of available candidates.

Could the National Executive take such suggestions seriously? Could it even work out viable rules different from the present conditions for endorsement? We do not know. But we note that Resolution 12 stands on the agenda of the Brighton conference in the name of West Derbyshire CLP urging the Executive to consider 'more carefully' the composition of the 'A' and 'B' lists. If the conference lets that resolution be accepted without challenge it could later be interpreted as empowering the Executive to purge possible candidates—for political as well as personal reasons. It is no safeguard to argue that such powers, once granted, would only be invoked against individuals of doubtful moral character, or with criminal records, or with known associations with proscribed bodies. Once an executive is possessed of such overriding powers it is difficult to prevent their use. Suppose the Executive had been able to intervene in this way at the height of the Bevanite controversy: anyone can see what would have happened.

The autonomy of local parties in the choice of candidates is one guarantee against complete central domination of the party, or even domination by one faction or interest group. Where the party headquarters controls this choice—as it does in many European parties—free discussion is inhibited: consider, for instance, how this device enables Guy Mollet to maintain his position. Whatever arguments there may be about the scale of trade union representation, about the merits of sponsorship, or the scope and nature of Co-operative political interests, this crucial point should not be overlooked. The methods by which Labour selects its MPs are not perfect. But the one great merit of the present system should not be removed under the pretence of reforming the defects in it.

Poland and the Two Germanys

The author of this article is a director of the Institute of International Affairs in Warsaw and a former press attaché of the Polish embassy in London

A LONDON cinema is hardly the place for serious political reflection. But I watched Marilyn Monroe discover a simple device for solving all the intricacies of family, political and international intrigue! 'You just make a general election and everything will be all right. We Americans believe in general elections. They are good for everything.' And then I felt myself translated from a fairy kingdom into the realities of world politics. For these words have a very familiar ring. How often has it been said that the overriding question of contemporary world politics, the problem of Germany, could be settled with this simple device of 'free elections'.

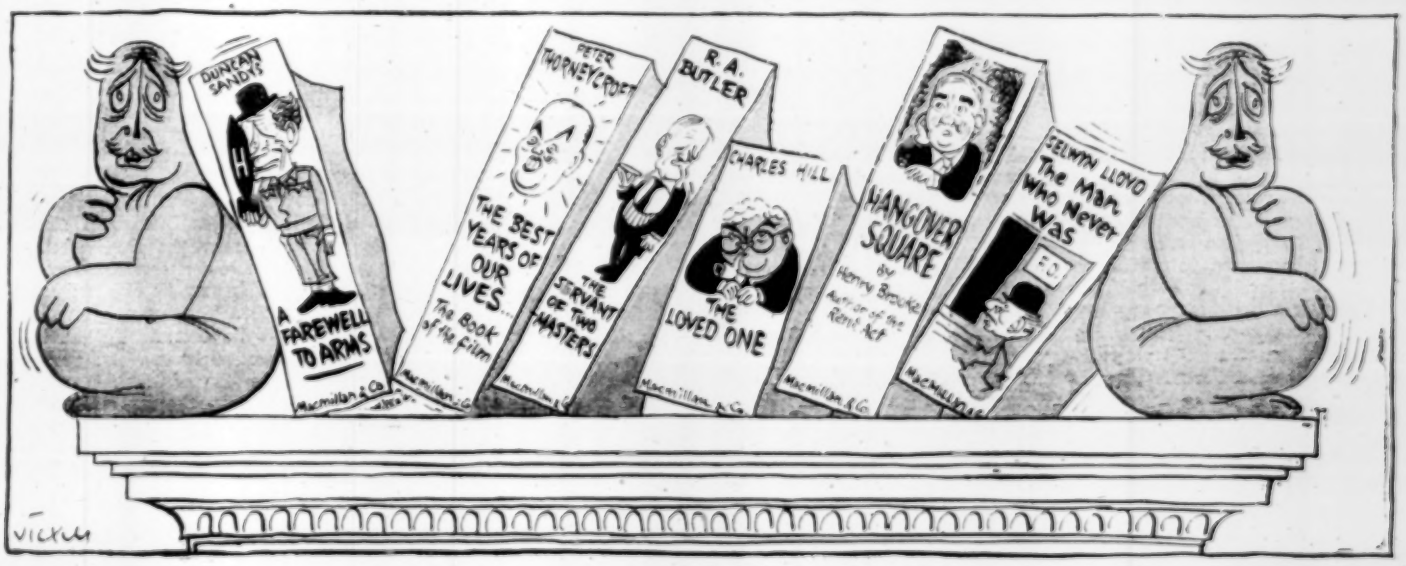
But can it really be quite as simple as that? It seems to me that the new Monroe doctrine has no future. There are many people including responsible West German politicians who believe that the attempt to reduce the German question to the bare problem of when, where and how to hold elections is merely an excuse for evading the real issues. Polish political opinion shares this point of view. As seen from Warsaw, the German question has at present three aspects. One is the relationship with the German Democratic Republic, the second is the relationship with the German Federal Republic, and the third is the prospect of a final settlement of German unity – which must be viewed against the vast background of European security.

Poland's geographical position, her past and recent history, as well as her economic problems, condition her approach to the German question. With East Germany Poland maintains full diplomatic, cultural and economic relations, the cornerstone of which is the agreement signed on 6 July 1950 in Zgorzelec, according to which the 'existing and established Polish-German state frontier' on the Oder and Lusitian Neisse has been confirmed. This agreement reproduced the exact wording of the Potsdam agreement on the border between the then Soviet occupation zone and Poland.

Since 1950, relations between Poland and East Germany have grown very close. Trade has expanded until now the German Democratic Republic is Poland's second-largest customer and supplier; and there has been much cultural interchange. Then, last year, the October events in Poland stirred the world. It was obvious that the new developments in Poland made a strong impact on the German Democratic Republic – a fact which led to several critical outbursts in the German press and some quiet but nevertheless definite rejoinders from the Polish side. This ideological discussion on a party level did not and could not affect the relationship between the states as such. Eventually, during the visit of a Polish party and government delegation to Berlin in June, this 'intermezzo' was brought to a close. Two separate joint declarations – party and government – announced an agreement. There were some significant conclusions in the joint declaration of the Polish United Workers' Party and the German Socialist Unity Party, which, stressing the need for unity and brotherly co-operation, accepted at the same time 'the need for and possibility of applying forms and methods of Socialist construction specific for each country.' Moreover the German Socialist Unity Party 'welcomed the great achievements of the Polish working people on their road to Socialism' – the word *their* being the operative one. The joint government declaration, reviewing the international scene, made special references to the question of the atomic rearmament of the Federal Republic, emphasised once more that the Polish-German frontier on the Oder-Neisse line is the 'essential factor of strengthening peace and security in Europe' and announced also a new important development in their economic relations, whereby Poland is to receive a $100 million credit from the German Democratic Republic for new opencast mines.

The visit of Mr Gomulka and Mr Cyrankiewicz to Berlin came at a time where both in Poland and in West Germany there had been much discussion on the question of resuming diplomatic relations between the two states. Two years ago Poland took the first step to facilitate resumption of such relations by issuing a formal declaration ending the state of war between Poland and Germany. Since then official spokesmen have several times recorded Poland's readiness to enter into normal diplomatic relations with the Federal Republic. The response from the official German side being negative, Polish public opinion agreed that things should be left where they stood. After all, it was argued, Poland had been the victim of unprovoked German aggression and the Polish government has gone a long way in taking the first step towards the establishment of diplomatic relations. Moreover, Polish public opinion has been following with concern the remilitarisation of West Germany. The clamour for the revision of the Oder-Neisse frontier (which in many cases revealed annexionist appetites almost identical with Hitler's projects for the Greater Reich) was bound to keep alive suspicion towards the professed peaceful aims of some influential people in the West German regime. Yet during the Berlin visit the question of Polish-West German relations was one topic of discussion, and in the joint government declaration there were also two important statements in this respect: the Polish government declared once again that the German Democratic Republic has a particular importance for the question of security and peace in Germany and Europe; yet the declaration recalled that 'the Polish government has already previously stated and continues to state its interest in the normalisation of the relations with the German Federal Republic'. In an interview with an Associated Press correspondent, Mr Gomulka remarked that now it is up to the Federal Republic to make a move.

The reactions in West Germany to this question are being followed with keen interest in Poland. It is known that both the Free Democratic Party and the Social Democratic Party have been trying to force the hand of the federal government about this matter. Mr Ollenhauer recently made several references to the question of diplomatic relations with Poland and Dr Dehler (who visited Poland a few weeks ago) and other



MACMILLAN'S PAPER-BACKS

('*They have never been so good*' —Publisher's Note)

FDP leaders have been quite outspoken about it. Business circles in Bonn are also advocating a normalisation of the relationship between the two countries, expecting (rightly) a further favourable development of trade relations. Already the flow of trade is overcoming the existing barriers, and West Germany ranks high among Poland's foreign customers. At the Poznan Fair, West German exhibitors took the most space of all non-Socialist countries, and for the first time an official West German government representative was present.

Some West German politicians put forward suggestions to bypass the blocked road to diplomatic relations by alternative solutions such as 'diplomatic agents' or 'trade missions with diplomatic status'. These suggestions have been received very coolly in Warsaw. As one broadcast put it: 'We do not think that even the best *ersatz* in the field of relations between Poland and the Federal Republic could be a useful substitute'. Meanwhile the federal government has attempted to placate its opponents by a declaration that this question has been under careful consideration and that tangible results will be soon apparent. For the time being the only tangible result has been the despatch to Warsaw of a West German foreign office official to look into the matter of streamlining visa procedures.

Almost always it is the question of the frontier which the West Germans advance as the stumbling block for resuming diplomatic relations. But between Poland and the Federal Republic there is no common frontier – and Poland could not recognise the right of West Germany to act as the representative of an all-German government.

The ultimate aim must be the reunification of Germany. And this goal can be reached, according to our opinion, only within the framework of a general settlement of European security, which would include a reunited Germany not tied up with any military bloc. This result cannot be reached by advocating the (Marilyn) Monroe doctrine, but by a real assessment of the real situation.

KLEMENS KEPLICZ

London Diary

NEWSPAPERS have to find headlines; and statesmen have to keep busy. Hence the exchanges on disarmament go rumbling on. I wonder whether they matter. How near are we to the edge? When is the third world war likely to occur? In six months? In five years? Or not at all in the foreseeable future? My own feeling is that world war is not on the agenda. Little wars, yes. Alarms of course. But two great powers, both with the prestige of victory and hellbent on material success, do not run lightly into a struggle for existence. I am more interested in a different problem. When will Namier's Law begin to operate? This law says that a defeated power has a burst of pathological nationalism about half a generation later – say fifteen to twenty years. I am guying things a bit of course in using such rigid terms; but the Law often works. It worked for France in the time of Boulanger; it worked for Germany with Hitler. In a lesser field, Algeria is paying now for the French defeat in 1940. When will it work for Germany? Presumably in about three years' time. We may even detect the preliminary symptoms in the SS demands for rehabilitation, voiced so confidently last week-end. I had better probe again into history for some words of consolation. Maybe the Germans have learnt sense after two terrible wars, and the next burst will be a futile affair as Boulangism was in France. There is a more practical reason for postponing the operation of Namier's Law. The last war will not be over for the Germans until their country is reunited. We need start counting the fifteen years only when that takes place. Men of tidy minds want to get the last war over and done with. But you cannot start preparing the next war with the last one still around. I go on impertinently hoping that the partition of Germany will last a long time.

* * *

The problem of the terraces in Regent's Park is with us again. The Commissioners of Crown Lands are dropping sinister hints that they are to be pulled down in 1960 and replaced by blocks of flats. I suspect that this is bluff. The Commissioners know that they will have to spend a fortune to make them fit for any useful purpose; and their present threats are by way of a preliminary 'softening-up'. But let's face it. The terraces are a real problem, one which can't be solved merely by repeating that they must be preserved. The facades are the finest scenic creation in London, as good as anything in Leningrad or Nancy. The houses behind the facades are jerry-building at its worst – thin walls, tawdry doors and windows, dry rot occurring inevitably every few years. It costs £1 a day to heat one of these houses adequately. The class for which they were built has vanished. Our men of wealth have small families and prefer to live in luxury flats which can be managed without an army of servants. In Blackheath an even greater architectural treasure, the Paragon, was saved by being redesigned horizontally as flats, which let at quite a reasonable rent. To do the same for all the terraces would be a far greater operation. Besides, horizontal division will raise new problems. Think of the unfortunate tenant on the first floor, who will find himself with two gigantic *salons*, resplendent in marble pillars, a bathroom and kitchen, and nothing else. Even such glory would pall after a time. The ideal solution would be to find a greater architect than Nash, pull the terraces down, and put something better in their place. This solution seems as remote as the Socialist utopia. Therefore I walk past the terraces as often as I can – Cumberland Terrace and Sussex Place in particular – and murmur to myself the guiding principle of life which I learnt from Sir Robert Boothby: 'Make the most of this. It won't last'.

* * *

I am in two minds, as you see, about the terraces. I have no doubts about the new police campaign against comic postcards which has started again at the seaside resorts. This is worse than phone-tapping. Every lover of liberty should rally to the defence of Mr Reid, director of C. Richter (Publishers), Ltd., who produces them. Comic postcards are a valuable part of our culture. They are folk-art. What possible harm can there be in the fat jolly women and the red-nosed men? I would much rather receive such a postcard than a strip of miniature views disguised as the entrails of a tortoise. It is absurd to suggest that anyone has ever been corrupted by a comic postcard. I don't believe that they suggest anything to anybody. But if they do, they merely suggest that sexual intercourse is rather fun. Well, isn't it? Dr Johnson said that a man was never so harmlessly occupied as when making money. This is no longer true since the discovery of contraceptives. Sexual intercourse is more harmless still and for many more agreeable. Most of those at seaside resorts are honeymoon couples or long married. Surely they should be encouraged to spend more time in bed together than they can afford to do during their working life? I can understand political intolerance: wealth and power are at stake. I can understand religious intolerance: it has to do with the immortal soul. But sexual intolerance baffles me. Why can't we leave people to regulate their own private affairs? I suppose it springs from the secret wish of every man that he alone should possess all the other women in the world. If the prudes had their way the human race would come to an end. Those who do not like comic postcards need not look at them. Those who do can assist the Comic Postcards Fighting Fund by sending a donation to Messrs. Casson, Beckman, Rutley & Co., 70 Wimpole Street, London, W.1. I can think of no worthier cause.

* * *

This week-end sees the greatest and most pointless holiday of the year. Tens of thousands will struggle from congested towns along congested roads to a congested beauty spot. They will keep the windows of their motor-cars firmly closed so as to escape both petrol fumes and the sea air. Scarcely arrived at their objective, they will turn round and struggle along congested roads back again. Afterwards everyone will complain about the litter. The English are, I think, the worst people in Europe so far as old newspapers and paper bags are concerned, I suppose because we buy so many of them. The French are worse with tins and human excrement. Tins are unforgivable. The example of cows and sheep is sufficient excuse for the other. A minority, but a growing one, will stay at home. Indeed, this is increasingly the pattern of our lives. Public holidays are the signal to stock up and close the doors, as though to stand a siege. Leisure was to have been the great blessing of our age. It has become the greatest problem, a more pressing affair than the hydrogen-bomb. As Dr Jowett said to Dante Gabriel Rossetti when he was decorating the Union Society's hall at Oxford with frescoes that faded almost at once: 'And what will they do with the Grail when they find it, Mr Rossetti?'

* * *

One thing about the August Bank Holiday always strikes me as excessively odd. To the best of my knowledge, it is the only national holiday in any country which commemorates nothing and nobody. We make no pretence even of remembering its inventor, Sir John Lubbock. Boxing Day, Easter Monday, Whit Monday are all hooked on to some religious festival, though many people find it difficult to say straight off what we are commemorating at Whitsuntide. Try this on your acquaintances, and they will probably mutter: 'Isn't it something to do with the Ascension?' Is it? Or perhaps the conversion of St. Paul? At any rate, August Bank Holiday involves no study of the New Testament. When we join the common market we shall have to follow the general habit in western Europe and go over to 15 August. It may be objected that this is the high point of Mariolatry, a practice much disliked by that dying sect, the Protestants. But this objection can be overcome. The French revolution abolished the feast of the Assumption and substituted 10 August, the day when the monarchy was overthrown. Napoleon, not anxious to remind people that Kings and Emperors can be got rid of, put 15 August back again. One of his marshals protested against this surrender to superstition: 'Millions of men have died to overthrow what you have now restored.' Napoleon replied: 'Not at all. It is my birthday.' So we can all agree in celebrating the founder of United Europe.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

It was my privilege years ago to raise my hat many times to King George V, who always returned my salute, when he rode in Rotten Row. I should hate to see it a car park.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (C. Smart.)

Ten years after demob, I still clean my regimental badge. It's sad to think that soon many of Britain's most famous regimental badges will be nothing but museum pieces.—Letter in *Reynolds News*. (I. A. Hill.)

My husband has gone fishing every weekend since we got married. He goes on Saturday and doesn't return until Sunday tea-time; he has his tea and then goes out again. I have spoken to him about it, but it makes no difference; he says he sees no point in hanging about at home doing nothing. We have been married for seven years, and have one child, a daughter.—Letter in *Woman's Own*. (Toni Scott.)

Chairman of Merton and Morden Council, Coun. Vincent Talbot, told Labour members at a council meeting on Monday, that he would not stand hearing the Rent Act, or anything signed by the Queen, called iniquitous. 'When Her Majesty signs anything it becomes law and I will not have anything signed by her called wrong', he said.—*Sutton Times & Cheam Mail*. (R. E. Walker.)

Old Out of Africa

My familiar idea about the history of Africa, or at any rate the history of Negro Africa, was that it began with the European conquest after about 1850: pretty much, indeed, as English history had begun with the Norman conquest. When I learned that a Portuguese called Vasco da Gama had passed the Cape of Good Hope as early as 1498 and travelled on to India, I took it for granted that he must have sailed up that savage African coast from one virgin harbour to the next, and then, chancing his arm, turned boldly north-eastwards into the unknown.

As a matter of fact, Vasco da Gama's experience was not a bit like that. Once he had reached the latitude of what is now Mozambique he began to find rich and powerful towns, streets of stone, stories of gold and gold itself, and a good deal of the paraphernalia of peaceful and long-established government. Emerging from the grey seas of the south Atlantic and from months of hazardous voyaging with near-mutinous crews, whose expectations were of the Devil and his hungry monsters, he found ships that could sail as well as his own *San Gabriel*: harbours tall with rigging: sailors from trans-ocean voyages almost as long as his own. In the harbour of Mozambique island his own navigators were astonished to encounter 'Moorish' sailors who were furnished with quadrants, compasses and charts, and who knew the sea ways to Egypt, India, even China. Pilots to India? Nothing easier: of course there were pilots to India.

After weeks of cruising up this coast da Gama sailed for India from Melinda (somewhat north of what is now Mombasa in Kenya); and with an Indian pilot. Having anchored off Calicut 26 days later, he followed his usual practice of sending ashore, to try out his likely reception, one of the Portuguese criminals whom he carried for this purpose. It is recorded that this criminal was at once accosted by a Tunisian Muslim who said to him, learning he was Portuguese: 'Devil take you, whatever brought you here?'

Popular history has wisely suppressed this anticlimax; but the fact is that da Gama sailed a monsoon route from East Africa to India that mariners had used for at least 1,500 years before him. For at least 600 years before he sailed it, moreover, this route had carried back and forth between Africa and the East—to India, Indonesia and the ports of southern China—one of the most vital trading circuits in the history of civilisation. Some of the consequences of this ancient trading circuit through the Indian Ocean provide the reason why Sir Mortimer Wheeler could say, two years ago, that 'as far as the Middle Ages are concerned, from the 10th century onwards, the buried history of Tanganyika is written in Chinese porcelain'.

What the fuller consequences may have been is one of the questions of African history to which many scholars up and down the Coast and its hinterland are now beginning to address themselves. If the '1066-view' of the Negro African past generally prevailed in academic circles until a handful of years ago, it does not prevail there now. Historical discovery in Africa south of the Sahara has been not much less exciting or extensive, these past ten years, than the geographical discoveries of a century ago. One after another, whether in East, West, or Central Africa, the horizons of possible knowledge are being pushed back into the past. Unrecognised even yesterday as a separate field of respectable research, African history emerges now as a large and intellectually profitable subject on its own. Only last month there assembled, under the ægis of the School of Oriental and African Studies, the second London conference on African history and archæology: about a hundred scholars, including several Africans, reported on four years' work and confirmed—as the preamble to their final resolutions said—that they were 'primarily concerned with the possibility of establishing outlines of the history of Africa since the Stone Age', a statement that was something of a manifesto in itself.

A number of practical recommendations were made by this gathering of scholars. They asked for more official support: in the appointment of more archæological officers and the equipment and staffing of Departments of Antiquities, as in Nigeria, and in the field training of African historians. They pressed again for the establishment in East Africa of a British School of History and Archæology. They proposed to publish a new Journal of African History, provided enough subscribers could be found. How many readers of the NEW STATESMAN, for example, would subscribe? Will they please write to Dr Roland Oliver at the School of Oriental and African Studies?

At this early stage, of course, there are more problems than answers. Even the European archives, and mainly those of Portugal, remain to be properly examined. But the glimpses of the possible grow continually wider and less fleeting. For Tanganyika and its off-shore islands—a main African area for the eastern trade since Greco-Roman times—Mr Freeman-Grenville has mapped no fewer than 63 pre-European sites. Some of these are as old as the Augustine era—Wheeler has said of Kua that it may have been 'East Africa's Pompeii'—but most of them are the towns and harbours of trading Arabs and of Islamised Africans and date from the 10th century. Mr Freeman-Grenville has examined 'more than 5,000 fresh examples of the coinage of the sultans of Kilwa' (pre-15th century); and also 'a hoard of 176 Chinese coins ranging from the 7th century to the 13th century' that was found in the island of Zanzibar. (Chinese porcelain of late Sung to early Ming—12th to 15th century—is common enough down the coast and hinterland as far as the northern Transvaal: and one sherd is now reported even from the Lower Congo on the Atlantic side of Africa.) Other coins found on these off-shore islands derive from Sassanid Persia; others again are Hellenistic, Roman, Byzantine, and medieval Arab—fresh justification for Wheeler's view that 'the history of the east coast [of Africa] is an essential part of the history of a large part of the world'.

Gervase Matthew and others have already done much to establish the historical outline of these ancient trading civilisations down the east coast. Were they Greco-Roman, Arab, Persian, Indian—or were they African? The evidence grows that they rapidly became African: what is practically certain is that their existence was vital to the growth and stability of other civilisations in the African hinterland. As long ago as 1931 Miss Caton-Thompson thought that the Indian trade had proved 'the primary stimulus which led to the development of the indigenous Zimbabwe culture' of what are now Rhodesia and Mozambique; and last week, at the London conference, Freeman Grenville returned to the same point in a paper sent from Tanganyika. 'The whole medieval civilisation of the coast,' he pointed out, 'depended on its inland contacts for the sources of its trade. It is logical to suppose them capable of being ascertained.'

High on the list of these inland contacts, it would seem, was the mining civilisation of Zimbabwe, now thought to have had its origins not much later, and conceivably earlier, than AD 700, and to have owed its long-enduring and remarkable achievement as much to native genius and adjustment as to remote cultural absorption from the north. Of the nature and exact dating of these hinterland civilisations it will be long before anything final can be said. But here again the broad outline begins to solidify. This same month the first fully-qualified archæological expedition ever to labour in the East African hinterland began digging into the massive Iron Age earthworks of Bigo in Western Uganda. Further south, on the Rhodesian plateau, Summers and his colleagues continue work on the Zimbabwe and related cultures to which Caton-Thompson gave a scientific basis in 1929. Already, in this 'land shadowing with wings which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia', it is possible to say without much fear of contradiction that recognisable civilisation existed for at least a millennium before Dr Strydom and his forebears put in their violent appearance.

All this, of course, was only a part, and even a small part, of what the London conference considered. Another sign of general reawakening of interest in African history was a paper from a Belgian ethnologist, M. Vansina, who has taken up the work of collecting oral tradition among the Kuba peoples of the Central Congo where it was left, 45 years ago, by Emil Torday. Dr Diké and some of his colleagues told of their preliminary work on the history of Benin for which they were endowed, not long ago, with £42,000 from the Colonial Office, the Nigerian government, and the Carnegie Foundation. MM. Mauny and Leboeuf and other distinguished French scholars contributed an account of their recent work in the French west and equatorial territories. A Portuguese historian spoke of research in Portuguese Guinea. Only South Africa, apparently, remains indifferent to the pre-European past.

The myth of an unrelieved African savagery before the Europeans came has had a long life and dies hard. It has justified in its day every kind of

extravagance at the cost of African populations incapable of defending themselves. It has enabled Europeans to saddle on many otherwise optimistic African minds the self-destructive fear that their past was really one of cannibal despair. It has obscured the European part in the slave trade, and exaggerated the African part. It echoes and re-echoes, even now, in the foolish arrogance of settler politicians and other touters of a latter-day imperialism. But scholarship, at last, dispels this myth.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Drowning Tryweryn

ON the face of it the Liverpool scheme to flood —or 'drown' as the Welsh prefer—the Merioneth valley of Tryweryn may seem desirable. The claims of the vast Lancashire conurbation seem to outweigh those of the 70 people who live in the village of Capel Celyn and the surrounding farms. It's a shame that their homes, chapel and the burial-ground of their ancestors should be submerged but, then, as Mrs Braddock puts it: 'Everyone deplores the fact that in the interests of progress sometimes some people must suffer, but that is progress.' Progress, though, is not indivisible; and those Welshmen who have been opposing this scheme are not a crowd of xenophobe reactionaries who would be prepared to see the people of Liverpool die unwashed, of thirst, or unemployed, just so that a handful of their compatriots may pursue an ancient way of life in peace.

Some of the opposition to the scheme in Wales has been purely nationalist. Postulating that Wales is a country deserving of a certain amount of respect in the light of its history and traditions, they find the ease—and, in this case, arrogance—with which English corporations are permitted to come into Wales and select land for their own purposes offensive. The disruption of a Welsh-speaking community making inroads as it does on the survival of the Welsh culture fills others with dismay: the drowning of the smaller culture in the larger is only too dramatically illustrated. Tryweryn has been symbolised as the last ditch and it hasn't been exclusively the Nationalist Party which has been defending it. For once, even if accidentally, the nationalists have been feeling the hot, sweet breath of public support down their necks. It has improved their English prose, if not their parliamentary prospects, no end.

National feeling has also expressed itself in practical terms. Industrialists in South Wales want to ensure that there is enough water for their own developments. At present the Margam works of the Steel Company of Wales is short of water. Local authorities in north-west Wales, where the employment situation is bad, have been concerned that there might not be enough water left for them should new industries come to the area. The fear of both industrialists and local authorities is that if Liverpool can have all the water it wants today, who'll be wanting it tomorrow? Again, the spectacle of this great corporation moving-in exacerbates discontent in those Welsh villages which have no piped water supply of their own—and whose schemes for acquiring it have been crabbed by the credit squeeze. In the constituency of Brecon and Radnor there are 46 parishes without a public supply.

These criticisms are not merely parochial. Informing them is a general concern that there should be a national water grid—that water should be nationalised and that the present senseless and wasteful competition between local authorities brought sharply to an end. The Minister for Welsh Affairs, Mr Henry Brooke, who doubles—or trebles—as Minister of Housing and Local Government, has, in fact, ordered a survey to be made of Welsh water resources; and one of the principal arguments Welsh MPs have been using in their fight against the Liverpool Bill, which secured its third reading this week, is that everything should wait upon the results of the survey. Wouldn't it be reasonable, they asked, for Liverpool to wait until it was seen just how much water there is and who needs it most and how much is needed, particularly—another of their arguments which one would have thought carried weight—since Liverpool's need for this huge reservoir is not desperate?

Of course, it is possible that, even with nationalisation, Liverpool's scheme would have been approved, but many Welsh MPs doubt it, if only because the Tryweryn reservoir will supply far more water than is needed. In fact, what infuriates them is that Liverpool is going to acquire water which it will be able to sell to others. But it's still possible that nationalisation would find the scheme unchanged. One of the factors which makes it difficult to be certain is the chaos of statistics which have been flashed about in the past year and which lend themselves to a baffling variety of interpretation. One set would even lead one to believe—as Mr T. W. Jones, the member for Merioneth has argued—that all Liverpool needs to do to gain enough water for its own needs is to draw some from the River Dee on the one hand and secure increased supplies from the reservoir it already commands in Montgomeryshire.

If the Tryweryn affair helps to concentrate attention on the need for nationalising water supplies it will—if that's any consolation to the people who have been battling with Liverpool—not have been a total failure. But nothing short of government action is likely to stop local authorities competing. In Wales various bodies—the Farmers' Union of Wales and the New Wales Union among them—are trying to bring local authorities together to arrive at some sort of agreement. Inevitably they will fail.

But the Tryweryn affair has contained another meaning for Wales. Here was an issue on which Welsh opinion was as united as it's ever likely to be, yet the Minister for Welsh Affairs supported the Liverpool Bill. Some of the Welsh MPs believe that the Bill might well have been defeated but for the Minister's support. Mr Henry Brooke is not now very popular in Wales. 'The Minister for Liverpool Affairs', says Mr T. W. Jones. 'Why should a little Brooke drown Tryweryn?', ask the nationalists. This reaction may seem a little unfair. After all, simply because a man is Minister for Welsh Affairs, it doesn't follow that he must wave the Red Dragon in Cabinet in the teeth of reason or the larger national interest. Isn't it feasible that a man who is patently judicious about the Welsh causes he supports is likely to carry more weight than someone for whom it's Wales right or wrong? These arguments for all their delicacy scarcely seem to hold in this case. Mr Brooke the Minister for Local Government beat Mr Brooke the Minister for Welsh Affairs hands down. It isn't surprising that in Wales there is some dissatisfaction with the present dispensation—so much so that the last may not have been heard of Tryweryn.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Evening at Annette's

WHEN Annette, the bar keeper in Hanoi, heard about the cease-fire in North Vietnam the first thing she said was, 'What will happen to the graves?'

At any rate that was the story Ernst and Toni, the two Swiss, told me the night they took me to Annette's bar. It was just after the Geneva conference and the town was full of angry, rather puzzled, French paratroopers and soldiers from the Foreign Legion. We all knew that the Vietminh, the Communist enemies of the eight-year war, were waiting just outside the town until the three-month breathing space ordered by Geneva should be up and they could come in. Every night there were fights in most of the bars and the brothels between the soldiers on the French side, who said they had won the war and then been betrayed by the politicians, and the Americans who said, 'Well what can you expect from a bunch of frogs?' Or sometimes the fights were between the *Legionnaires* and the paratroopers about what had really happened at Dienbienphu. The weapons in nearly all the fights were bottles broken on the bar counters.

But there were hardly ever any fights in Annette's bar, because Annette didn't like them. She is, they say, part Senegalese, part French, part Vietnamese and part Chinese. She is dark, long faced, high cheekboned and very beautiful. The town rumour credited her with being entirely virtuous, or at any rate not sleeping with anyone for money, only for affection. The night we were at the bar she wore a shiny pink dress, cut very low and strapless, and she had also been crying. This was because the *Legionnaires* at the tables had snatched her letter from her, and were throwing it across to each other, teasing her when she tried to pull it back.

Annette knew this letter by heart. She had had it two months ago from the parents of the German *Legionnaire* she had once been engaged to. He had been killed in the last months of the fighting and buried in Hanoi . . . which was why Annette asked about the graves. But the *Legionnaire* had never had time to teach Annette to read or write German, and it was always another of the *Legionnaires*, or a German-speaking correspondent like Toni, who had to translate it for her. They got a free drink each time they read her letter to Annette.

Tonight, when the *Legionnaires* gave up the letter Toni had to translate it all through twice. It was written on cheap blue paper in old fashioned German script. The *Legionnaire*'s death had been God's will, his parents wrote. Annette must try to resign herself to the Ways of Providence. They were glad that their son had found happiness before he was killed. Would Annette remember that they were now as a father and mother to her, and her home was here on their Bavarian farm whenever she might wish to come to it?

Annette started to cry again over the part about God's will, but she remembered to bring Toni his brandy and soda and Ernst and me two beers. She would, she said, for sure she would, go to Germany one day and take the *Legionnaire*'s body with her to be buried near his Bavarian ancestors. But meanwhile we would see that she could not leave for a month or so, not while the French army stayed and she was making so much money.

The bar was very full that evening. The fair-haired *Legionnaire* next to me was weeping very

softly into his beer. He was from Hamburg, he said, and homesick for a good climate, for his girl and particularly for his mother. Ernst kicked me under the table to stop me asking the question you mustn't ask *Legionnaires* . . . why he'd joined the Legion and left Hamburg and his mother? The Legion corporal across the table interrupted anyway. He leant over close so as to be able to look into my eyes without wobbling. He would drink, he said solemnly, to the Americans coupled with the British, to General MacArthur and the Duke of Edinburgh . . . or if I preferred the Princess Margaret. The Princess Margaret . . . Ah! what a woman . . . and the Corporal forgot all about me and raised his glass dreamily.

A ten-year-old Vietnamese boy had come in selling cigarettes, packets of contraceptives and a string of coloured balloons. He nudged the corporal and offered him first the cigarettes and then the balloons. The corporal caught his wrist and used the burning end of his cigarette to pop one balloon after the other and the boy started to cry. Ernst and I both tried to stop the corporal, but he said it was fine for us to talk. He had had comrades killed, he said, and worse than killed because of little boys like that. This was quite true. Much of the Vietminh information about troop movements and when an individual soldier would be going back alone through the dark to his fort came from the talk children and Vietnamese women heard in bars. Anyway the little boy was quite happy now, as Ernst had paid him more than all his balloons were worth.

Elaine, the Vietnamese waitress, brought the corporal another cognac. He splashed part of it over her tight black skirt, and a little at the *Legionnaire* from Hamburg who had gone to sleep with his head on the table. Elaine didn't mind, everybody splashed their drinks at her, and she slapped them quite automatically whenever she went past. She didn't like drinks on her blouse though, which was a white lace, off-one-shoulder affair, and showed the stains. But she was tired now and the bar was emptying. She sat down on an empty chair next to us, hitched her skirt up, and kicked off her high-heeled sandals. She didn't wear stockings . . . Hanoi is far too hot . . . and her toe nails were dirty and broken, the red nail varnish nearly all chipped off them. Annette, from in front of the bar, shouted at her in Vietnamese and she pulled her skirt down and yawned widely with her head thrown back. The *Legionnaire* from Hamburg had woken up and was starting to cry again at the thought of going back to the fort. The Vietnamese boy was asleep in a corner of the doorstep with his tray wedged behind him.

This was the last time I saw Annette. All that I know for sure is that when the Vietminh marched into Hanoi three months later her bar was closed, and that down in Saigon in the south nobody round the clubs and dance halls seemed to know what had happened to her. The rumour was that she had had to stay or had wanted to stay in the Communist north. Some people said that she had been sent to the Vietminh reform camp for prostitutes; some that she had been welcomed by the new government as a heroine of the Resistance and thanked for all the valuable information she had passed to the Vietminh during the war. Some people said she had just vanished and slipped out of Hanoi back to her village and her Vietnamese-Chinese mother. Anyway perhaps she was glad to find that the Vietminh so far have been most correct about the war cemeteries in Hanoi. The German *Legionnaire*'s body is still there, undisturbed and with the stone chips round him carefully raked every fortnight.

LOIS MITCHISON

Figgis

PASSING Figgis's I saw that they had started to demolish it. A man was attacking the great pear-tree on the south wall of the cottage with a saw. It is at such moments that one regrets the impossibility of not being a rationalist: a prayer for a soul in purgatory would have been appropriate.

The cottage was called Figgis's because, having been born there in the year the rascally Bismarck and the not less rascally Badinguet started their costly brawl, Figgis had lived there 87 years, until, last week, he died. The cottage belonged to the Ashleighs, and Figgis had paid rent for it, and his father before him: not much rent; about £500 in the last century.

Figgis worked for the Ashleighs, first as a farm-boy, scaring crows, then as a labourer for 60 years, finally as a gardener. He was hoeing a border in their garden when he dropped dead. Nobody made him work till he dropped, of course: he could have spent his last 20 years at ease – the Ashleighs look after their people and would have made up the Old Age Pension to a sum a man could live on. But Figgis could not stop working; it was as if, from long habit, his continuance in life depended as much on the motions of his arm and leg muscles, as upon those of his heart and lungs.

When I first knew him he was in his 70s, taller than anyone else in the village, bony, long-headed, his lank, still-plentiful hair faded from ash-blond to grey. His eyes remained very bright blue until his death, hardly fading during his last decade, and their expression was simple and candid. His movements were ponderous not from age but by nature, and clumsy. He was

Named after Augustus, Emperor of Rome, the month might equally well have paid honour to Ceres, goddess of the harvest. The Saxon name was 'Wœd-monath'—the month of weeds. How easy the Saxon gardener's life must have been!

Scratch almost any of us and you will find an explorer. Well, we shall soon know whether the cross-country route to Sandybay, which we worked out so carefully, is in fact a better, faster, prettier or less congested route than the main road. Almost certainly, it will not be. We shall have overlooked the fact that Saturday is market day in far too many towns. And we could not have known that there would be 'Road Works Ahead' on far too many roads. Never mind. We have blazed the trail. Sooner or later, we shall arrive. And we shall enjoy our holiday—all the more, perhaps, because we know that the Midland Bank will faithfully look after our regular payments and the safety of our money and smaller valuables while we are away.

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such a slow worker that he was by many considered an idiot. His mind, indeed, was dull and brutish, excepting for his real horror of cruelty to beasts or children. His rare jokes were coarse and stupid, and he alone laughed at them. But his hands were clever, especially with all manner of trees, and with young animals.

He could not write but was not totally illiterate, for he could read what he called big writing, that is, capital letters, and he gathered a surprising amount of information from the headlines of newspapers, which he would retail with comments to anyone standing by him as he worked. He took a particular interest in child-murderers, and was always glad when they were hanged. But his knowledge of the world he lived in was slight: he had only the vaguest general notion of distances in excess of those he travelled on his bicycle or in a bus. Essex was to the north, and beyond was limbo; he could have made no distinction between, say, the distances of Lincoln and Edinburgh. He certainly had no concrete image of the world; it was, to him, much what it must have been to his 15th-century ancestors.

He had certain firm beliefs, as that government was a tyranny to be borne with, that clergymen were wily, that the *stamp* (National Insurance) was an extortionate tax on the poor, that mushrooms will not grow under a wasting moon, that hedgehogs suck milk from cows' teats, that the water in which a field-mouse has been boiled will cure bed-wetting, that no thunderstorms occur in the south-east until 22 June, that thunderstorms are drawn off by an ebbing tide; and that his elder brother had robbed him of his share, £40, of their patrimony, but had got no good by it.

He was married for his looks by a clever, passionate woman, half gipsy, who despised him, beat him, bore him three children, and left him for an itinerant sow-gelder in 1906. He loved his daughter, but when she married and left home she did not visit him, nor encourage him to visit her. One of his sons was killed at Ypres, otherwise the wars meant nothing to him. He seemed to conceive of war as a chronic state, in which the enemy was always Germany. The very word German meant, to him, a sort of stylised enemy, just as the words Jew and money-lender-huckster were synonymous, literary, or, rather, legendary, concepts having no connection with anything he had ever experienced.

His second son emigrated to New Zealand and stopped writing the annual Christmas cards, which the post-mistress read to Figgis, in 1924. I do not know whether he believed in God, but he had an irrational faith in doctors although they had quite failed to cure the ulcers which, for 57 years, he had upon his legs.

In the autumn of 1910 he planted a pear-tree against the south wall of his cottage, and learned to train it from the head gardener at Ashleighs. Its horizontal members, being 18 inches from the ground, extended the full width of the house. For year after year he tended the growth of its vertical members, until there were 30 of them, very evenly spaced and all reaching to the gutter. Early in the life of this tree Figgis, again on the head gardener's advice, grafted a scion of some other kind of pear to make a central rod, and thus to provide for cross-pollination. The tree was of the Comices variety, and by this device he got good crops from it. The superb pears, often as many as five hundred in a good year, were relished by people of taste in the Cathedral city. Figgis sold the crop to a greengrocer there; neither himself, nor any member of his family, ever ate any of this fruit, the fruit of the one craft which he practised with exceptional skill. The money from the pears was saved against unemployment or sickness. It amounted, at his death, to £140.

In the course of his life Figgis contributed, as near as I can reckon it, 269,000 man-hours of work to the common wealth. It would be possible but tedious to express this in quintals of wheat, bushels of cherries, tons of potatoes, sides of bacon, dozens of eggs, fleeces of wool, ribs of beef, cords of timber, or in the urban lives which these commodities had supported. In exchange he got a roof over his head, enough to eat, clothes and £140. He grumbled mildly when his wife left him, and when his leg ulcers prevented him from wearing wellington boots in muddy weather. His monument was the pear-tree which, together with his cottage, had vanished within a month of his death.

EDWARD HYAMS

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Fleet Street Notebook

DUMFRIES is a considerable distance from Fleet Street, and until last week I doubt whether many journalists or others south of the Border, or for that matter many north of it, had ever heard of the *Dumfries and Galloway Standard*, founded 114 years ago in what its notepaper heading calls 'the year of Disruption'. However, the dismissal of its editor after the intervention of a junior minister, Mr. Niall Macpherson, Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, has now made it national news. The *Dumfries and Galloway Standard*, which is a bi-weekly, was founded as a Liberal newspaper and has been such throughout its career. In April 1954 Mr A. G. Williamson, the last surviving descendant of one of the original founders and himself a man of strong religious and political principle, was appointed editor after previous experience on the *Glasgow Evening News* and as editor of the *Stirling Journal*. No one has challenged Mr Williamson's competence as a journalist. Under him the paper increased both in circulation and influence. Mr. Williamson's sturdy brand of Liberalism did not, however, suit Mr Niall Macpherson, the Unionist-National-Liberal MP for Dumfries, who began complaining.

A touch of political farce here enters the story. Mr Macpherson, it appears, has formed the habit of interviewing constituents in the offices of the *Standard* and he three times solemnly warned the editor and the board that, unless less stress was placed in its columns on Liberalism pure and undefiled, he would be forced to withdraw his custom and interview constituents elsewhere. Instead of being accepted as a relief this promise seems to have been regarded by everyone as a threat of the utmost gravity. However, when the Suez crisis began, Mr Williamson's principles made compromise impossible to him. He attacked the government in the strongest terms and published a leading article declaring that the *Standard* had resisted and would continue to resist attempts which were being made to force it to speak contrary to conscience. The indignation of Mr. Macpherson increased still more. Fire no doubt was added to it by the fact that the Liberals intend to oppose him at the next election. He complained to the directors. He had by now received the due reward of his loyalty over Suez. Mr Macmillan had retained him as joint Under-Secretary of State for Scotland. This did not make him a person of any great importance in Westminster. But it made him no end of a fellow in Dumfries. The board was anxious to propitiate him. It instructed Mr Williamson to write and ask him if he would care to discuss the whole matter at a board meeting on 24 November. The Prime Minister made much of this letter in the House on Tuesday. The fact is that it was written under instruction and that when Mr Macpherson arrived at the meeting the editor was ordered from the room and not allowed either to listen to his charges or reply to them.

What actually happened at this board meeting I cannot say. After going through a detailed history of the case two things appear certain. The first is that following this meeting Mr Williamson was instructed that the board had decided that in future the paper must alter its policy and support the government. The other is that, although Mr Williamson was given no hint of this, fairly soon after the meeting the Joint Under-Secretary of State for Scotland began to make inquiries among journalistic acquaintances in London for a suitable editor for the *Dumfries and Galloway Standard*. By June he had found a man whom he was able to advise the board had his approval. The board thereupon offered the post to the minister's nominee and Mr Williamson – who was by this time on holiday, and who had continued to insist on his right to support Liberal principles – was summoned back by telegram. When he arrived he was at once informed by the board that he had been sacked and would not be allowed inside the office even for another day. His request to be allowed to write an article stating his case was refused. Subsequently the directors published a statement that he had been 'dismissed for con-

duct of matters unconnected with politics' a form of words which Mr Williamson was advised gave grounds for legal action. However, Mr Williamson is that rare bird among journalists, a fourth generation Salvationist whose principles do not allow him to indulge in litigation.

Mr Macpherson's conduct in this matter as a minister is still under debate. I find it difficult to believe on the evidence that he now has any honourable alternative to resignation. It is simply nonsense to pretend that his conduct as an MP in his constituency can be divorced (except possibly in his own not very sophisticated mind) from his position as a minister. What is no less important is the attitude of the Press Council, which is supposed to include among its responsibilities defence of the freedom of the press and would, one would have thought, have made a careful inquiry. Mr Williamson referred the matter to the Press Council immediately following his dismissal. The Council met on 16 July. No reference to his complaint was made in the communiqué issued following this quarterly meeting and he wrote again. Seven days later he was favoured with a letter from Mr Pitt Robbins, its secretary. Mr Robbins informed him that the members of the Council did not consider that his dispute with the directors of the *Standard* concerned them 'as they could see no objection to anybody endeavouring to exercise pressure on a paper to change its policy'. He added that no reference to the matter was made in the communiqué because the Council regarded it as 'a purely private one'. Wilkes, Junius, and the rest of those who fought for the freedom of the press from ministerial interference may be glad they did not have to depend on Sir Linton Andrews and his colleagues.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

Baedeker's Summer Exhibitions

ROUTES

Our description of the sights is arranged in topographical order, and is divided as follows:

1. *Mayfair.*
2. *Cork Street, Soho,* and *Leicester Square.*
3. *Baker Street* and *St. John's Wood.*

1. MAYFAIR

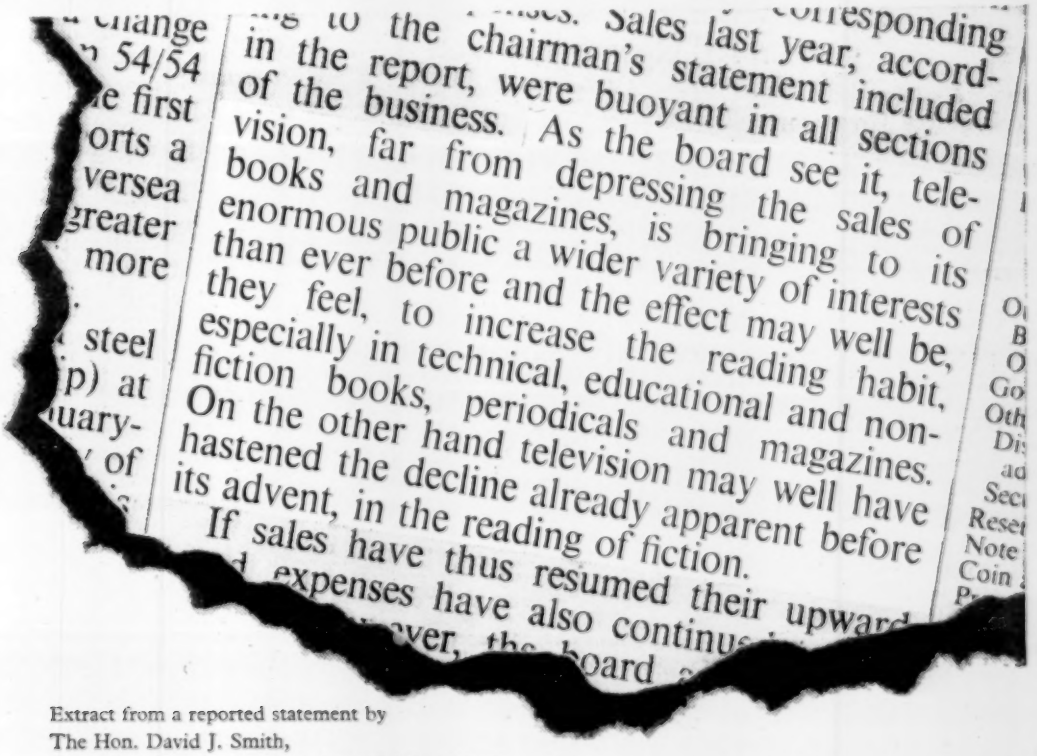
Leaving Claridges, we proceed N. up DAVIES STREET, past the *British Council Headquarters*, and turn S.E. into SOUTH MOLTON STREET. A few paces along on our left we find—

****Gimpel Fils,** generally known simply as *Gimpel's*, which contains a fine collection of recent paintings, drawings and sculptures of the English, Continental, and American Schools; these, in conformance with the policy of the house, are mostly abstract in style. Paintings of the Paris School include: *14. *Dubuffet*, Tête Constellée, an admirable work painted in 1952, exceptionally well preserved; *20, 21, 21A. Three coloured drawings by *Hartung*; 27-31. An oil and four water-colours by a young American, *John Levee*; 35-37. Paintings by *Riopelle*; *42. *Nicolas de Staël*, Les Indes Galantes, one of the master's chief works. The New York School is represented by 33. *Jackson Pollock*, Electric night, an interesting early painting; *38. *Mark Rothko*, Blue cloud, the gem of the collection, whose beauty, however, is to any degree evident only when it is seen by daylight; the visitor finding the strip-lighting above this painting switched on is advised to ask the attendant to extinguish it. (A gratuity is not expected: indeed it might even be a source of embarrassment.)

The English School is naturally somewhat overshadowed by these works by foreign masters. It is seen to its best advantage in: 23. *James Hull*, Painting; *25. *Peter Lanyon*, Anticoli, Straw; 32. *Ben Nicholson*. The Sculptures, on the other hand, are predominantly English, and are also less abstract in tendency. They include good bronzes by: *63-65. *Kenneth Armitage*; 67-69. *Anthony Caro*; 78-80. *Barbara Hepworth*; as well as a voluptuous terracotta by: *81. *Laurens*. The collection as a whole is admirably presented, the slight effect of overcrowding emphasising its richness without producing confusion or disharmony.

Leaving Gimpel's, we now return to our starting-point and pursue our route along Davies Street. A few yards past Claridge's we reach **Arthur Jeffress (Pictures),** a gallery specialising in 'Trompe l'Œil, Magic Realism, and Sunday Painting', but whose concern with the occult also leads it to embrace English neo-romantic landscape painting, as in the collection now on view of works by Five English Painters. The most notable paintings are: *2. *Peter Kinley*, Landscape, a small, grey picture, dense and luminous, of considerable intensity; *20. *Sutherland*, Thorn Cross, executed in 1954; 22. *Sutherland*, Still Life

The influence of T.V. on reading habits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to the chairman's statement included in the report, were buoyant in all sections of the business. As the board see it, television, far from depressing the sales of books and magazines, is bringing to its enormous public a wider variety of interests than ever before and the effect may well be, they feel, to increase the reading habit, especially in technical, educational and non-fiction books, periodicals and magazines. On the other hand television may well have hastened the decline already apparent before its advent, in the reading of fiction.
If sales have thus resumed their upward
expenses have also continu
ever, the board

Extract from a reported statement by
The Hon. David J. Smith,
Chairman of W. H. Smith & Son (Holdings) Ltd.
(From The Times, July 12th, 1957)

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with Apples and Scales, executed in 1957. The other painters represented are *Piper*, *Vaughan*, and *Alan Reynolds*, whose latest water-colours might be the productions of a pupil of Ravilious.

About 1 min. farther along Davies Street is The ***Adams Gallery,** where French Paintings of the twentieth century may be seen. *17. *Utrillo*, La Corneuve, painted in 1910, one of the artist's masterpieces and a work of the highest merit, comparable with the finest examples of Corot or Pissarro. Other notable works are: *16. *Soutine*, Landscape; 18. *van Dongen*, Carmen Vicente; 19. *van Dongen*, a landscape dated 1905 in a neo-impressionist style; *20. *Vuillard*, Nude in interior. There are also several works by young painters of the so-called neo-realist school.

We proceed to the end of Davies Street, turn right into MOUNT STREET, and after about 2 min. reach CARLOS PLACE. Almost opposite us is the—

***O'Hana Gallery,** which contains paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Modern French Masters, 1850-1950. We pass through a wrought-iron door and descend a staircase.

I. ROOM: Mostly twentieth-century paintings, including several works by: 8-13. *Braque*, generally of inferior quality; *23. *Ensor*, a fine seascape; *Gauguin*, a painting from the Weinberg collection.

II. PATIO: 60-67. Bronzes by *Georg Ehrlich*. These do not deserve inspection.

III. ROOM: Mostly impressionist paintings and sculptures. *3. *Bonnard*, Faune et nymphe, painted in 1903, a masterpiece, demonstrating the remarkable affinity between Bonnard and Titian; 29. *Camille Pissarro*, Picque-Nique à Montmorency, one of the master's earliest surviving paintings; **Monet*, Antibes, Vue des Jardins de la Salis.

We now return, traverse the N. side of BERKELEY SQUARE, and turn right and left into BRUTON STREET, where on our left we find the—

***Lefèvre Gallery,** where a Group of Contemporary French Paintings includes works by two important painters, examples of whose art are rarely exhibited in London: *Eugène de Kermadec*, Tohu-Bohu; **Francis Gruber*, Belle Ile.

> Francis Gruber (1912-1948) was not only the finest French painter of his generation but the greatest single influence upon the figurative painters of the next generation. A high proportion of recent neo-realist and expressionist painting has been a vulgarisation of his style, whether a coarsening, as in the works by *Ginette Rapp* at the Adams Gallery, or a prettifying, as in the admittedly engaging works by *James Taylor* at the Lefèvre. The traveller should not neglect this opportunity to see an authentic work by this master, especially as he cannot fail, in the course of his tour, to see many by his followers and followers' followers.

Almost adjacent is ****Arthur Tooth & Sons,** generally known as *Tooth's*, where a collection of French paintings from Corot to Picasso, which the traveller should not fail to see, is on view. *1. *Corot*, Ville d'Avray, painted in 1822; *3. *Monet*, L'Inondation: Bords de l'Epte; *5. *Renoir*, La Prairie; 11. *Boudin*, Raz de Sein, Bretagne; *12. *Millet*, Laitière Normande; *13. *Modigliani*, La fille rouge; *18. *Monet*, La Vallée de l'Epte; 20. *Corot*, Enfants jouants dans la rivière; *23. *Bonnard*, Au Bord de la Marne.

A few yards farther on, we turn left into a mews and find the **Beaux-Arts Gallery.** Using the nearer and more ornate of the two entrances, we ascend a staircase and find ourselves in a long low gallery hung with paintings, mostly of a sombre character, by young artists of the English School. Notable paintings are: *8. An unfinished but exquisite early work by *Lucian Freud*, painted in 1942; 36. *Denis Wirth-Miller*, Landscape. Descending the curious old spiral staircase at the far end of this room, we reach a high gallery hung with larger paintings, including: 5. A strange life-size double portrait by *John Bratby*.

DAVID SYLVESTER

(To be continued)

August, 1957 *Price 7s. 6d.*

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Opera Workshop

ENGLISH is an ambiguous langauge, and the adjective in 'New Opera Company' might apply to either of the nouns which follow it. In effect, it applies to both. The company is a recent offshoot of the Cambridge University Opera Group; and during its highly successful inaugural week at Sadler's Wells it has presented two modern operas: Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, which had not been previously seen in London, and Arthur Benjamin's *A Tale of Two Cities*, a 'world première', though it won a Festival of Britain prize in 1951 and received three BBC studio performances in 1953.

The New Opera Company inhabits that no-man's-land between amateur and professional territory which has often proved fertile in English cultural life. I am not sure which of these two categories more properly describes the company's very young conductor, Leon Lovett, who has just emerged from pupillary status; but his handling of both operas was so clear, decisive and sensitive that the question cannot remain for long in doubt; surely one or the other of our opera houses will snap him up. Under his direction, the Goldsborough Orchestra played the tricky Stravinsky score with great assurance, and appeared equally at home in the Benjamin opera; the casts included some of our most experienced opera singers, such as Heddle Nash and Ruth Packer, together with several promising young professionals and a number of amateurs who acquitted themselves honourably in small parts. The general result was as valuable and exhilarating as the activities of those American 'Opera Workshops' which the present company somewhat resembles. I hope that it will somehow manage to keep afloat, and to that end proffer a suggestion: why should our two older universities not forget their natural rivalry and join hands in this new enterprise? Such an Oxford production as that of Bizet's *Fair Maid of Perth*—to all intents and purposes new to present-day audiences—would make an ideal addition to the company's repertory.

It is a curious fact, for which I cannot altogether account, that *The Rake's Progress* seemed rather more at home in these semi-amateur surroundings than in the wholly professional performances it has received at Edinburgh and Glyndebourne; for one thing, it slightly helps the more childish elements in the Auden/Kallman libretto that they should come to us in the guise of an undergraduate charade The first act went so well, especially the brilliant scene in Mother Goose's establishment, that the opera began to soar in our estimation. Of course, the inevitable slump arrived in Act 2, which contains two of the least funny jokes known even to the operatic stage, the Bearded Lady and the Bread Machine. For the latter contraption Stravinsky has at least written some oddly fascinating music, but his treatment of Baba the Turk reveals one of his rare technical lapses: he has failed to find an effectively comic way of writing for the low-lying female voice, and the singer of the part has a virtually impossible task in attempting to put across either words or vocal line. Thetis Blacker soon gave up the struggle, and contented herself with rampaging around the stage in a disarmingly jolly way. The churchyard scene, where the librettists regain contact with the heart of their subject and the composer is at his best, owed much, in this performance, to the sardonic manner, firm tone and admirable enunciation of Raymond Hayter as Nick Shadow. He was the best of the principals; but Doreen Murray and Kenneth Bowen also did well as Anne and the poor 'shuttleheaded lad' on whom she bestows her love. The production by Brian Trowell and the sets by Lionel March were good.

Cedric Cliffe's libretto for *A Tale of Two Cities* is a skilful adaptation from Dickens, well laid out in six scenes, with strong situations and effective curtains. The opera seized the audience from the outset, and held its attention throughout, though not without some slackening of tension towards the end. If Arthur Benjamin's music does not aim very high, it certainly hits the target. When writing about the broadcast performances, I described the lyrical sections as 'mere wish-wash', a verdict that now seems to me too severe in the light of the effect they made in the theatre, with Heather Harper as Lucie Manette, John Kentish as Charles Darnay, Heddle Nash as Dr Manette and John Cameron as Sydney Carton. The solitary English scene (an attractive pictorial evocation by Lionel March of 18th-century Soho) contains a soprano aria of considerable length, with a thrice-repeated refrain in a vocally effective pattern of rising arpeggios, in which Lucie sings sweetly of her present happiness; not a very original conception, maybe, but real theatre music of a kind which enabled Miss Harper to score a resounding and well-merited success. The pathetic figure of Dr Manette, whether in his periods of sanity or of wandering wits, was cleverly drawn; and it was remarkable how much of Sydney Carton's histrionic personality was conveyed in his self-accusatory monologue and in his teasing scenes with Miss Pross (a delicious thumbnail sketch, this,

from Johanna Peters, who had also excelled on the previous night as Mother Goose).

With the help of a rousing production by Anthony Besch, Mr Benjamin's picture of France under the Terror managed to make an adequately fierce impression; but the truth is that he has no very marked gift for depicting wickedness or ferocity. The crowd are urged to sing louder and louder, the Carmagnole and other revolutionary tunes are dutifully introduced, and in front of the guillotine the *tricoteuses* knit away like mad; but shut your eyes, and it all sounds uncommonly like the fair scene in *Hugh the Drover*. Exceptionally, the fanatical Madame Defarge is portrayed with some power, and one can well imagine this part attracting a dramatic soprano of the Italian school; it was impressively acted by Ruth Packer, but she lacks the sheer vocal weight required, and failed to get across the all-important words of her narrative in the trial scene. Elsewhere, the standard of enunciation was remarkably high. The last two scenes, in prison and on the scaffold, suffered from excessive length; abbreviated, they could effectively round off an opera which fully deserves to enter our small English repertory as a sound middle-brow entertainment – the very thing, in fact, that repertory most needs, and has long conspicuously lacked.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

New Ballet

LANE DAYADÉ, the guest artist now with the Festival Ballet, is a ballerina from the Paris Opera of a most interesting character. Her technique is far more strongly affected by her personality than is usual with dancers, for although it conforms to classical standards there is, in every gesture, a vibrant individuality, so that it almost might seem she was self-taught. The manner in which she holds her head and arms has a delicate awkwardness that is very touching and very human. These qualities are enhanced by her appearance; black hair folded about her white, round little face, in which the enormous, pleading eyes and parted lips make for an expression of child-like wonder.

The Americans and English have formulated a streamlined elegance for their style of ballet. They concentrate on an outward perfection of line, at the expense of the inward vitality of a movement, so that each *arabesque*, each *jeté* conforms as nearly as possible to a set ideal. All the more refreshing, then, to see a dancer like Mlle Dayadé, who does not conform, but who moves so boldly that, in spite of her minute size, every line and posture has an original freshness and beauty.

As Giselle, Mlle Dayadé acts the part very well, looking up into her caddish lover's face with a confidence that makes the youth and innocence of the character convincing. She loves with a sweet passion, with a nineteenth-century, storybook innocence that I have never before seen so exquisitely conveyed. It is a pleasure to watch her love (how fake and feeble this emotion seems in most dancers) gradually change to mistrust, despair and finally madness. Anton Dolin's enterprise in bringing foreign stars to dance for him is to be highly praised; it gives interest and variety to the company's productions. But his enterprise in remodelling the choreography of the classics is less praiseworthy.

Once again a new little company has come to town. The Western Theatre Ballet, at the Arts Theatre, has twelve members who are all young, reasonably accomplished technicians, with considerable personal attractions. Of the first night ballets *Tableaux Vivants* was the weakest: an amiably meaningless series of dances, not quite funny, not quite lyrical nor, indeed, quite anything. *Pulcinella* is Anglicised Commedia dell'-Arte, rather charming, tastefully dressed and competently arranged, with a fascinating Pimpinella in Anna Paskevska. But the outstanding performance of the evening was by Susan Musitz in a grim ballet called *The Prisoners*. It is an ambitious melodramatic story, in which the wife of one escaped prisoner becomes enamoured of the other. Miss Musitz is completely successful in conveying the sensitive and gruesome emotions of the wife. She is a less attenuated, less subtly masterful artist than Nora Kaye, but she comes from the same Freud-conscious school of ballet.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Problems

THE trouble with the popular problem film is that it's dishonest. Uncompromising, it smooths every edge; boldly it evades; it pretends to face facts, in a maze of theatricality. These are the characteristics of *Island in the Sun* (Carlton) which has colour shades in the West Indies as its theme, and makes that archipelago seem farther off than ever.

A novel by Mr Alec Waugh provides the theatrical design for an embroidery of island views, snatches of calypso, a documentary refrain of work in the plantations, and four couples of varying tints wandering off and on in sunlight and moonshine. There's Mr James Mason, furious from the first moment because as an unfavourite son he has to make do with high life in a fine old dilapidated mansion. Black looks take on a new meaning when it's found that he has a taint of the tar-brush. A true native (Harry Belafonte), demolishes him at an election meeting such as hasn't been dreamt of since Eatanswill. He in turn has talks with a blonde, whom he can't (because of film ethics) take in his arms. Then there's the governor's aide, in love with the octaroon at the chemist's, and Mr Mason's sister – also with that tar-brush streak – and the governor's son. The one touch of lucidity is Mr. Ronald Squire as the govenor awaiting with unruffled amiability his day of retirement.

The story reaches a climax with the scene when Mr Mason's mother has to reveal that his father was *not* his father. So that old dark grandmother need no longer trouble him: he's White, if wrong side of the blanket! This produced a spontaneous gust of laughter at the press show. But I notice that *Island in the Sun* is starting off solemnly with a Royal première and a West Indies exhibition down the street.

Second problem: the unwary girl from abroad who gets into the hands of the artful pretty boy. This isn't surprising since somehow she arrives at St Pancras. Anyway, she enjoys some weeks in a luxury flat at Brighton, but just when she's expecting to get married she has to go out on the streets to save her future husband from going to jail. She would swallow anything, that girl; but then of course neither she nor her man is English! The funny moment in *The Flesh is Weak* (Cameo-Royal) is a West End courtyard with women posted all round, and to sounds of a funeral march on the piano the first client approaching. The moral seems to be that strangers with long cars and wicked knives in their pockets are not to be trusted, and that crime doesn't pay unless you wait for your own Brighton flat.

Third problem: *Hell Drivers* (Gaumont): not

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you or me, but lorry-drivers, bullied by foremen and managers, who will get the sack if they can't keep up an average of 50 miles an hour along winding back lanes. This is funny but also exciting from the first moment. Lorries take bends at full tilt on the wrong side, bump one another, drive motorists up banks and through hedges, charge over fields for short cuts, and in the end pitch over a cliff. The hero (Stanley Baker), fresh from prison, manages to scramble out of his lorry before it goes over. All this, by the way, in a quiet corner of England from which the police have presumably been withdrawn to deal with traffic jams on the major roads.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Talk for Talk's Sake

'INTERLOCUTION . . . collocution, colloquy, conversation, confabulation, talk, verbal intercourse; oral communication, commerce; dia-, duo-, trialogue . . . *causerie*, chit-chat; babble, -ment; *tripotage*, cackle, prittle-prattle, *cancan*, *on dit;* parley, *tête-à-tête*, *conversazione;* hall of audience, *durbar* . . . palaver, logomachy, war of words.' (Roget's *Thesaurus*, 1890 edition.)

The wealth of words meaning the process of interlocution – both the most primitive and the most refined method of human communication – suggests that broadcasting producers are right in persevering so gamely with the attempt to project to listening and viewing publics an impression of lively and intelligent talkers engaged spontaneously in good conversation. The spontaneity is suggested, on television, by disposing the participants in chairs or sofas about low coffee-tables; this never looks very convincing when the setting is not a real one (as it is in ITV's *Cross-talk*, which takes place in Mr Lustgarten's own Albany chambers). Various devices are used to set the brains ticking: far the commonest is to throw to the confabulators a controversial general question, with some topical relevance, and let them worry it to a point just short of exhaustion.

One of the newer of these discussion programmes, the BBC's *Who Said That?*, is also one of the most ambitious in its choice of talkers. It is not overloaded, as some programmes are, with people from show-business – the easiest to get and usually the least rewarding to listen to. Besides the highest-powered of the standard popular philosophers of our time, Mr Harding, Mr Betjeman *et al*, it engages such elegant and witty persons as Mrs Ian Fleming and Miss Judy Montagu, who can convey plausibly, because it is true, the refreshing idea that they are only doing it for fun and are not chained and resident performing seals: of all the arts, conversation is surely the one in which obvious professionalism is most lethal and amateurism should be supreme.

Everyone who has taken part from time to time in these broadcast discussions – *Any Questions?* or *The Critics* as well as the seen ones – will know that there are occasions when the whole thing seems utterly sterile and leaden: the questions are insupportably hackneyed and uninspiring, each speaker in turn gives the sort of answer given a thousand times before (starting 'Well, that's a very difficult one . . .' or 'I entirely agree with what's already been said . . .'), the brain and tongue seem shrouded in mucous cobweb. Then – sometimes, not always – a miracle happens. A spark is kindled, the divine afflatus blows, the cobwebs dissolve, the Spirit of Harmonious Dialectic descends, the speakers rise above mere 'oral commerce' or *tripotage* and are imbued with clarity, grace, learning lightly worn, and an agility like that of table-tennis champions.

This miracle occurred (none too soon) towards the end of last Monday's *Who Said That?* As usual, it didn't have much to do with the question that led up to it. Its climax was an eloquent eulogy of the old-fashioned music-hall by Mr Harding, loyally seconded by Mr Betjeman, whom it sometimes amuses to affect a certain deference towards those with whom he is in discussion.

This was exciting. (Never mind the hackneyed topic: a tongue was on fire.) But, again as usual, great issues had been disposed of too perfunctorily. A Kipling quotation ('*East is East* . . .') had led to a few exchanges on the colour-bar; but the subject was skimmed so cursorily that it had better not have been raised. This superficial scrappiness is the besetting sin of television.

At least there is no pretence that the formula of *Who Said That?* – the preliminary identification of a quotation – matters much: it is a mere peg for talk. *Cross-talk* seems to me to be in danger of being strangled by its formula: four people from widely different backgrounds each brings with him a question which he is supposed to want to put to each of the others. ('Tell me, I've always wondered, what is it really like to be on the stage?' is hardly an unfair parody.) I have watched it several times and have not yet seen occur the miracle just described; and I can't help thinking that this is precisely because the formula makes the conversation too artificial and laboured. This is just not how people talk in real life: other programmes do occasionally show us what might be real talk, at its best. Moreover, it is surely in general the case that the best conversation occurs between people who have some tastes and experience in common, who are not complete strangers to each other. The *Who Said That?* quartets seem more apt to belong to overlapping worlds than the *Cross-talk* quartets . . . but the opposite danger is, of course, cliqueyness.

By far the best broadcast talk I have heard lately was in a 'conversation', so called, between Mr Anthony Crosland and Sir John Wolfenden, on the subject of the public schools. This was as good as the Members' Smoking-room at the House of Commons or High Table at Christ Church at its best; and, as in those illustrious symposia, civilised smoothness of manner may have concealed from the innocent the fact that this was a real needle match. Sir John was by turns Socratic and expository: Mr Crosland fluently avoided all but one of his traps (the sophism latent in the claim that it is not through 'accident of birth' that a boy is sent to a public school if his father has earned his wealth).

I wonder if Sir John, chairman of a committee whose report is eagerly awaited, listened to the other most interesting sound-radio programme of the past week – Mr C. R. Hewitt's documentary on *The Homosexual Condition*. Both the BBC and Mr Hewitt deserve credit for the relative frankness of this essay. Yet it was not entirely satisfactory, partly no doubt because the original recording, 90 minutes long, was cut by half. This would explain a certain lack of balance: too much emphasis, for instance, on the ex-homosexual 'hero', who, having been reclaimed by psychiatry after a prison sentence in youth, seemed to favour prison as a cure for others; and too much of the prison doctor, who, however admirable professionally, was a radio-bore.

These were minor blemishes. Much more basically questionable was the emphasis on the criminal law. True, Mr Hewitt was careful to point out that the English law on homosexuality is uniquely preposterous. But the whole programme was based on the assumption that the homosexual condition is so inherently anti-social that, if medicine fails, the law must take over. Neither the BBC nor the Wolfenden Committee can really believe this.

TOM DRIBERG

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'DODERO LINE' — CHANGE OF NAME

The name of the Company owning vessels trading under the title Dodero Line, has changed from Compania Argentina de Navegacion Dodero to Flota Argentina de Navegacion de Ultramar and the Line will in future discontinue the use of the title Dodero Line, and be known as 'Fanu Line.'

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Correspondence

OVERSEAS PUBLICITY

SIR, – I would like to start a small hare. I have spent 10 years in the BBC, another five in starting and building up the radio network of India and Pakistan, and yet another five as public relations officer to various fairly grandiose organisations, including the Allied Control Commission in Italy. I may have done all these jobs badly, and my brain may be poor: but I must be an utter dunce if I have not acquired some knowledge of publicity.

We have been spending £13 m. a year on publicity, and now Dr Hill wants £15 m. This, of course, is apart from licence fees and advertisement revenues. But let that pass. £15 m. pounds a year. Three main questions come to my mind. First, is it worth it? Second, is interference with the opinions of other nations (for such it is) a good thing? Third, is this the best way of spending £15 m.? To all three my experience would give a decisive negative. Why?

First, all political 'publicity' is useless unless it happens to run with the opinion of the listeners. How many people in England listen to the excellent English broadcasts from, say, Moscow or Madrid, and how many are thereby 'converted'? During the last war I listened to Lord Haw Haw almost from beginning to end; he was a consummately good broadcaster. I noted that he could produce first-rate talks while Germany was winning (though they had precious little effect) but, when the tide turned, his eloquence was unconvincing. Thus, if you have a crisis brewing in Israel or Egypt or Oman or elsewhere, you will not mitigate or alter public opinion by one jot through broadcasting or television.

I personally do not think that interference with the opinions of other nations, even if successful, is admirable. That, perhaps, is a matter of taste. I do not care for missionaries, because I don't think that Christianity is the sole and only key to the Kingdom of Heaven. Similarly, I doubt if there's much to show that England holds the secret of government.

Could £15 m. be better spent? To my mind, a thousand times yes. First, I would say that publicity to our own people is in sad disarray. Not only do our citizens need instruction in nuclear reaction—from the dentist and doctor up to Harwell—and the real danger thereof: they also need a great deal more explanation of economics. Leaving that aside, the £15 m. in question could be used to increase the travel allowance. Does that seem absurd? I would say that a great part of the success of England and the Empire has been due to the travel-mania of the English. No other nation has travelled so much or settled down so often in distant lands. For the 20 years our various governments have made foreign travel virtually impossible: and gradually they are forcing our people to adopt the American flitter by bus or plane, when no one sees or learns anything. Even so, the British are still to be found, settled almost everywhere; and, believe me, a neighbour is worth 10 tons of radio hot air or televised faces. Again, £15 m. could be much better used to subsidise the export of English books—far more effective than British Councils. Yet again, why not devote some of it to preserving our monuments and enriching our museums and galleries: and thus getting a return from tourists? And, while we are on the subject, why the heck can't our expensive embassies do a job in publicity? They've nothing else to do, God knows, when Prime Ministers and ministers and hundreds of secretaries fly out at the hint of a crisis.

LIONEL FIELDEN

Poggio Luce
Ripafratta Pisa

DANGERS TO THE PRESS

SIR,—Mr Francis Williams, in a mostly excellent article, depicts me as 'moralising broodily as is his wont about the press'. I, a wonted broody moralist on my own profession? What an odd use of a striking phrase! Just before my NEW STATESMAN arrived I had been writing a reply to people who accused me of unjustifiable complacency about the press. Not long ago Professor W. Lyon Blease said on the air that I was determined 'to regard all press geese not merely as swans but as swans with the voices of nightingales'. He added that if I were ever to become the chairman of the Press Council 'no journalist, however disreputable the rest of us would think him, would ever be censured'. So much for my wont. If in the past few weeks the problems of the press have saddened me a little it is because some good newspapers have perished, others are in danger, and many of my colleagues in Fleet Street and in the provinces are wondering how long their jobs will last.

Mr Williams makes some sound comments on the popular press. It has even more virtues than those he mentions. There are times when it does great good by speaking out much more fiercely than the sedate press. It delights to defend some poor man in the grip of bureaucratic tyranny. But I did not attack the popular press. My point was that under conditions that now seem to be developing many editors might be driven to popularity-hunting extremes. Mass appeal might become the obsession of some Fleet Street magnates. This mass appeal might mean in course of time the excessive romanticising of news, the savage man-hunt in politics, the seizing on the trivial and sensational, the treatment of flesh-and-blood victims of tragedy as if they were characters in a serial beyond the reach of callous pestering and persecution.

I should have thought that Mr Williams would admit the existence of this danger. He himself in his book *Dangerous Estate* said: 'The popular journalist is compelled by the exigencies of his trade to be a blood brother to Barnum, but he still cannot avoid being at least half cousin to Delane'. Does not the cost of producing the present-day paper, a cost increasing every year, force some editors nearer to Barnum and drag them further from Delane?

Mr Williams suggests that we drop the word 'trivial' as applied to news. Why scorn a good word with a history reaching back to the Romans? Trivialities are in an ancient etymological sense street-corner stuff. They have their place in life, but the topics of the bus queue and the street corner are not enough. Would it not be regrettable if they ousted from the newspaper reading of intelligent people the issues of parliament and local government and other questions on which the quality of our civilised life depends?

Seeking a spot to plant a body-blow, Mr Williams suggests that the *Yorkshire Post* is 'practically crammed full of trivialities—or what must seem trivialities to anyone who has not the good fortune to live in and around Leeds'. This is an amusing counter-attack, but is triviality the word to use? Mr Williams is not comparing like with like. Bradford wool market reports may seem dreary and unintelligible to those who cannot tell the difference between tops and noils, but the prices and trends in a staple industry are of vital value in a regional paper. Reports of Huddersfield or Hull City Council are unlikely to titillate the curiosity of a Cockney, an off-comed-'un as we should say in these parts, but they are not mere superficialities. Some of the local news is of almost entirely local interest, but at least it is not blown up to absurd proportions.

LINTON ANDREWS

Yorkshire Post
Leeds 1

SEEING WHAT IT'S LIKE

SIR,—Socialists should support the government, the Labour Party and British youth organisations in their opposition to the Moscow Youth Festival.

There are two kinds of British-Soviet exchanges:

1. Those which take place under arrangements acceptable to both sides.

2. Those which take place under arrangements acceptable to the Communists of both sides.

The common-sense course is to support the first and boycott the second.

In the first category come exchanges organised between the Soviet Ministry of Culture and the Soviet Relations Committee of the British Council: and between Soviet and British universities, municipalities, athletic associations, etc.; and also all forms of unorganised exchanges, such as those taking place on a commercial basis. Though no substitute for normal free contacts, exchanges of this type are a step in the right direction and can do a lot of good.

In the second category come exchanges organised by the World Federation of Democratic Youth, the British-Soviet Friendship Society, the Society for Cultural Relations, the British Youth Festival Committee and other front organisations. Exchanges of this type produce prestige, propaganda and sometimes finance for British Communism, and cause more suspicion and misunderstanding between the two countries than they remove. They are a hangover from the cold war, when Stalin used culture for political penetration and 'peace' propaganda. The Youth Festival falls into the second category: no politically mature non-Communist will support it.

Fortunately, fewer and fewer exchanges are taking place on the old Stalinist basis and more and more under non-political arrangements acceptable to both sides. There are signs that the Russians may abandon the old methods altogether in due course, and allow normal free contacts between the two countries. Our job surely is to encourage them to do this, by developing mutually acceptable contacts while firmly declining to co-operate on the old basis.

CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW

House of Commons

RENT ACT EVICTIONS

SIR,—The Rent Act has been in force for three weeks, long enough already to make it clear that many people are going to be evicted in October 1958. Out of 881 people who called at Hackney Town Hall for advice between 7 July and 23 July, 56 had already had eviction notices and were desperately worried about what was to happen to them.

During the parliamentary debates on the Rent Bill, government spokesmen maintained an understandable reticence about the likelihood of evictions, but with its enactment the Minister of Housing issued a circular, 32/57, to local authorities reminding them that they can assist what ministerial meiosis calls 'tenants who may have to find alternative accommodation' by 'being ready to give loans for house purchase.'

Almost simultaneously with the coming into force of the Rent Act, the government put up the interest rates charged by the Public Works Loan Board. This is a deliberately government-created inflation, which serves no useful purpose whatever and can help only the moneylender. The effect is that a person borrowing £2,500 from a local authority for house purchase will have to pay an *additional* £126 interest for a 15-year loan.

ARTHUR SUPER

Town Hall
Hackney

INDUSTRY AND SOCIETY

SIR,—I am impressed, as always, by the phrases used by Maurice Edelman, but in his criticism of *Industry and Society* I am still unable to understand

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why he objects to the state acquiring a (increasing?) proportion of the capital appreciation now passing wholly to the private owners of industry.

I hope Mr. Edelman will turn his phrases upon the document's patronising references to the Co-operative movement. Here, in the Co-operative system, we have a form of enterprise in which there is (as Mr Edelman asks) 100 per cent. democratic ownership; in which each shareholder has but one vote irrespective of the size of his shareholding; in which the reward to capital lent is limited as with nationalised undertakings; and in which every shareholder, as consumer, or in some cases as worker, has the opportunity of election to the policy-making board.

This form of enterprise has not only built up a dominating position in the retail distributive trade, but has substantial interests also in productive industry, and in insurance and banking. Unlike either the Labour or trade union wings, the Co-operators succeed in maintaining a national newspaper.

It is this form of public ownership which the policy document dismisses in three paragraphs. Here, surely, is more of a case for conference criticism.

FRANK BESWICK

House of Commons

JUVENILES AND CRIME

SIR,—In exposing Mr Rolph's evaluation of the Bentley case, as an attitude springing from 'middle-class feelings of guilt'—your correspondent, Iris Breedon, admirably detects the trap into which Mr Rolph and indeed many of us have fallen—but having uncovered the trap she promptly falls into it herself.

Mr Rolph's assertion that a delinquent can spring from 'decent parents and a comfortable home' is perfectly valid—but such a diagnosis of a home merely eliminates one of the many possible causes of delinquency and is not, therefore, *sufficient* grounds on which to criticise a particular juvenile court for a particular decision. His comment may thus be irrelevant—but your correspondent's denial that delinquents do come from such homes is perhaps more indicative of the unhealthy middle-class morality which she so roundly condemns. The whole concept of 'decent and comfortable' would be perhaps appropriate to a treatise by a Victorian moralist—but it is hardly relevant to modern criminological knowledge.

It is just this problem of the apparently decent home producing a delinquent outcrop which has occupied much attention and caused much concern in recent years. Twenty or 30 years ago, material deprivation and wilfully indifferent parental control might have been considered to be the fundamental causes of delinquency. Increasingly, however, it has become obvious that an apparently socially acceptable family can and does produce its deviants (even excluding the mental defective, the mentally ill and the psychopath). The dynamic emotional interaction—the intra familial relationships—count for more than comfort and decency in many cases. Maladjustments are not necessarily caused by failure to measure up to the middle-class expectation—the emotional tenor is frequently all important and is frequently part of the casual pattern of delinquent behaviour.

PROBATION OFFICER

FREE SOUTH AFRICA?

SIR,—In your issue of 22 June, Critic states that 'South Africa is now a completely totalitarian country'. He omitted to define 'totalitarian country' and it is, therefore, assumed that he is comparing us to pre-war Germany and Italy, and to present-day Spain, the Soviet Union and Pakistan.

1. Our judiciary is completely independent of our legislature and the executive.

2. The overwhelming majority of influential newspapers daily devote extensive space to criticism of government policy. This can be quite easily checked and confirmed by reference to the *Cape Times, Cape Argus, Daily Mail, Star, Eastern Province Herald, Natal Daily News, Evening Post* and many others.

3. This week the Anglican church through its bishops announced that it would defy the government on the church clause contained in the Native Laws Amendment Act.

4. There are no Anglicans in concentration camps.

5. There are no concentration camps.

6. At least four parties will be opposing the Nationalist Party in the general election next year. These are the United Party, the Federal Party the Labour Party and the Liberal Party. Incidentally the United Party claims that it obtained a majority of votes at the last election, as I believe the Labour Party did in England. As our parliamentary system is modelled on that of Great Britain, it does not necessarily follow that the party gaining the most votes will govern.

As for Critic's further statement that the Commonwealth is part of the 'free world', I must remind you that numerous countries in the so-called 'free world' are no more free and democratic than a Soviet satellite, and that persons living in considerable areas under the direct control of your Colonial Office could strongly challenge Critic's implied reference to the freedom they enjoy.

"Bridge House" R. U. KENNEY
Milner Road
Rondebosch

'SLOW' FREIGHT'

SIR,—Mr Eliot Thorne, in your issue of 13 July, draws attention to a system of freight train operation (using loose-coupled wagons) which the British Transport Commission have made no secret of their intention to abolish as quickly as possible. Indeed, as long ago as January 1955 Sir Brian Robertson, Chairman of the Commission, said 'We have been so long accustomed to these Emett-like trains going clanketty-clank through our towns and countryside that we are apt to overlook the appalling handicap which they impose upon our transport system.'

That handicap is being speedily eliminated by the fitment of continuous brakes; and already the number of braked freight trains daily operated by British Railways is more than twice the pre-war figure. The full programme of this work seems likely to be completed well within the ten years originally envisaged.

Mr Thorne goes on to deprecate the Commission's choice of the vacuum brake rather than the air brake; he criticises the use of screw-couplings; and suggests some apathy about new developments in automatic couplers.

The decision to adopt as standard the vacuum type of continuous brake, which has a long and proved record of reliable service under British conditions, was taken after extensive research and practical trials. These trials showed that there is so little to choose between the two forms in efficiency that the fact that British Railways had more than 18,000 locomotives, 40,000 passenger coaches, and nearly 180,000 freight vehicles already fitted with the vacuum brake was decisive. A further important consideration was that operating and maintenance staffs were fully conversant with vacuum brake operation.

Mr Thorne's remarks about the dangers of using screw-couplings may well have caused concern to any of your readers similarly unaware of the rules which govern the operation of this equipment. The fact is that screw-couplings have been in use for many years in Britain, and the comparatively few casualties among shunters are mainly caused by failure to observe the operating rule which clearly states that shunters 'must not go between the wagons in order to screw couplings up until the vehicles are at rest'.

So far from being apathetic in trying out new designs of automatic couplers for freight vehicles, British Railways' Development Unit for carriages and wagons, set up at the end of last year, has the provision of a suitable coupler actively in hand with a number of manufacturers, all of whom are proceeding with development work along lines suggested by the Unit.

J. H. BREBNER
Public Relations Adviser
British Transport Commission
NW1

MUSIC AND THE THING

SIR,—It is sad and surprising to find that one who practises the arts of history and English prose writing with such distinction as A. J. P. Taylor should be so contemptuous and ignorant of the art of music. The proposed BBC cuts are, he writes, 'fine news for everyone except my academic colleagues who get paid for giving talks (with repeats) that no one listens to.' Very trenchant and amusing, no doubt, but this is hardly a subject for joking—unless there is something funny about composers and performing musicians losing their livelihood.

As a historian, Mr Taylor must surely know that a hundred years ago Britain had a reputation as the Land Without Music, largely because music was treated with precisely the same flippant contempt by The Thing that Mr Taylor is now according it; he must equally well know that our present high musical repute is largely due to the BBC, both as an educator and as a liberal patron of the arts. If the destruction of all our recent achievements in serious music is to be described as 'good democracy', God help us all.

GEOFFREY BUSH

43 Corringham Road
NW11

G. D. H. COLE

SIR,—All Socialists who, like myself, have been enlightened and inspired by the writing, philosophy, actions, and character of G. D. H. Cole, will be grateful to A. J. P. Taylor for the tribute he pays to this splendid man. They share Taylor's feelings towards him. He has carried on with unique ability and effect the tradition of Shaw, Wells and the Webbs. It is to his credit, too, that he was not one of those whose Socialism evaporated when they had to deal with foreign affairs after the war, with the disastrous results that face us today.

45 Queen's Avenue W. W. HILL
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Lawrence Durrell

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FABER

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Man for the Hour

Good timing, we are told, is the secret of political leadership. But I suspect that being there at the right time is at least equally important. The statesman who *makes* the occasion – consciously planning his ascent to power and timing his great coup – is an invention of the novelist. In real life it is nearly always the occasion that makes the man. Winston Churchill was a brilliant, erratic outsider, with a very poor sense of timing; all his conscious efforts to achieve greatness failed – until the occasion made him great in 1940. Roosevelt was a brilliant political careerist, without any very clear principles – until history made his appointment with destiny for him. The kind of inspired leadership which wins a war or moulds a nation's history is hardly ever a matter of conscious calculation or timing. It is something much more personal – the uninhibited response of a whole man to a challenge exactly suited to call out the best that is in him. The Nazi challenge of 1940 fitted Churchill's personality like a glove, whereas the social challenge of 1945, which suited Attlee to perfection, made Churchill look like a blundering old fool. The great man is the leader lucky enough to be faced by the kind of crisis in which he does not have to hesitate or reflect in order to make the right decision.

Of course I am aware that, unless he has a sense of timing, a political leader cannot survive very long. He must know when to be loyal to a colleague – or a principle – and when to cut his losses; when to soften his enemies by hints of collaboration and when to sting them into recklessness by a blow just below the belt; when to capture public opinion by a bold, 'unpopular' decision and when to appease it by a calculated display of indecisiveness. But, whereas this kind of timing is a knack which every competent politician acquires, the secret of good leadership is the perfect matching of character and crisis. And that, of course, is a matter of luck.

How uncannily the career of Konrad Adenauer exemplifies these principles! His admirers portray him as a great Christian and a great European statesman, who was personally responsible for integrating the Federal Republic into the Western alliance. His enemies reply that he is a foxy party politician, subservient to the Americans and really opposed to German reunification. Which picture is the true one?

Reading between the lines of this authorised biography* (authorised in the sense that the German version was carefully examined and passed by the Chancellor himself), I discovered that both versions are true. Here is a wholly laudatory picture of Adenauer, which yet confirms all the criticisms of his detractors. I found much of it fascinating, particularly the details, previously unavailable, of his career up to 1933 and the chapters on his capture of power inside the CDU after Brigadier Barraclough had dismissed him for insubordination from the office of Lord Mayor of Cologne.

Even Herr Weymar does not pretend that he has changed his mind about anything important since his first marriage introduced him to Cologne society and so enabled him to get his foot on to the ladder of local politics. In his personal relations a sea-green autocrat; in his politics a narrow Rhineland Catholic (anti-Prussian, anti-Imperialist, but also profoundly anti-liberal) – he is a 'primitive', with more resemblance to Syngman Rhee than to any of his fellow-European politicians. These octogenarians are a formidable pair! By nature strong-willed and small-minded, each experienced defeat and acquired all the complexes of the refugee politician – although Adenauer preferred to remain in Germany as part of that 'internal emigration' which opposed resistance to Hitler and remained in inactive privacy until the end of the Third Reich. Finally each of them, when his mind had stiffened into old age, had a second chance and created a State in his own image.

Fate gives very few politicians this kind of second chance. Even fewer, when the chance comes, repeat mechanically the formula which failed on the first occasion – and find that this time it succeeds. Yet this is the story of Konrad Adenauer. An outstanding administrator, with a flair for clerical politics, the end of the first war found him Lord Mayor of Cologne and many people still believe that he abused that office by supporting the Separatist Movement. This, of course, is a silly libel. What Adenauer actually did was far foxier and far more characteristic. As a defender of the Establishment, he made himself the chairman at a vital meeting called by the Separatists, and prevented anyone else from speaking by delivering a few introductory remarks – which lasted three hours. In this speech, whose text has been preserved, he explained his project for meeting France's legitimate demands for security, while placating Britain's concern for the European balance of power. What was required, he suggested, was the creation of a West German Republic – including provinces on both sides of the Rhine. This Republic should be released from Prussian domination, built into Western Europe and yet remain a member (though he did not explain how) of a decentralised German Reich. In this speech Adenauer was describing with fantastic precision the Federal Republic, which came into being in 1949. But in 1919 the whole concept was dismissed as absurd and Adenauer was quite wrongly thought to have exhibited his foxiness by sending the Separatists chasing after a red herring.

Some thirty years later Germany was once again defeated and prostrate. Dismissed from the Cologne City Hall, Adenauer coolly decided to make himself the head of a new Christian Party; and, in order to provide it with a philosophy and a programme, he took his absurd project out of its pigeon-hole in his mind. German history had retrogressed so far that by now it fitted the realities to perfection. There was no need for reflection or skilful timing. All Adenauer had to do, as soon as he became Chancellor in 1949, was to insist intransigently on the project he had outlined thirty years before. This time it was greeted as a great statesmanlike concept, and his fellow-countrymen asked with admiration how this retired Lord Mayor could so speedily master the secrets of diplomacy. Even Sir Winston Churchill called him a second Bismarck.

The truth is that the occasion made the man. In 1949 the provincial theories of this Rhineland bureaucrat chimed not only with the requirements of American strategy but with the prejudices of American politicians. They believed, a little naively, that a United States of Europe could be made in the image of the United States of America. So did he. They dismissed as dangerous neutralists and traitors to the West anyone who criticised this view. So did he. They believed simply and sincerely in the virtues of free enterprise and regarded socialist planning as an enemy of democracy. So did he. Rarely can there have been such a true marriage of minds as that forged by Adenauer between Washington and Bonn. Yet I cannot help thinking again of Syngman Rhee. Is the Federal Republic any more likely than South Korea to outlast the Cold War? Adenauer's concept of Germany excludes far too much that is truly German to become a tolerable basis of German unity. What he has built is an artificial Carolingian State, perfectly adapted to the stalemate which left Germany and Europe divided between East and West. If ever Europe were to move into a period of peaceful co-existence, this artefact would tumble to pieces, and with it Adenauer's reputation as a statesman.

Considering that he has written an authorised biography, Mr Weymar has produced an interesting book. The first part largely consists of reminiscences by such witnesses as his brother-in-law, the City Treasurer of Cologne, and the first Secretary of the CDU. Though their evidence is hopelessly one-sided, it reveals a number of interesting facts about the Chancellor's career before and during the Nazi period. For the years since the war, Herr Weymar has been able to quote extensively from Dr Adenauer's personal record of his confidential talks both with the British, French and American High Commissioners and with such visitors as Sir Winston. Here again – despite a characteristic anti-British bias, which makes him grateful for American CARE parcels and unaware of our 'Save Europe' campaign – the new information is often valuable. We are informed that, in addition to translating the book, Mr Peter de Mendelssohn has edited Mr Weymar, but we are not told in what this consisted. The translation is usually good English, but sometimes better German.

> By bringing the Military Governors into this, one lath after another is being broken out of the fence we have erected with so much trouble round the autonomy of the Parliamentary Council.

Surely if Carlo Schmidt, to whom these words are attributed, were an Englishman, he would talk better English than that!

R. H. S. Crossman

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* *Adenauer*. By Paul Weymar. *Deutsch*. 30s.

Dialogue

I said, 'Beneath these tensions of love and hate,
It's running still, our life stream, wide and deep,
And we shall wake again from this jaded sleep,
And feel the ebb and flow of our common fate.'
She frowned and tensed her lips and turned away.
'That may be so,' she said, 'I cannot say.'

And was removed and far and underground
As are the buried dead. Why must I rave,
Like Hamlet, mad tonight on Ophelia's grave?
The living go far as the dead and are not found
By our stammering tongue, our desperate touch.
'You wounded my heart,' she said, 'it was too much.'

'Not from my words alone, my deeds could fall
This dark that gathers up your mouth and eyes.
There must be wounds,' I said, 'but when love dies,
It's killed by a childhood ghost the wounds recall.'
Her blurred sight twitched from someone I could not see,
Whirled through the empty room then back to me.

There was another, I swear, he used her speech
For the tart, man-handled words that rambled on.
She was hustled out of her voice, lost and gone,
On the stroke of his leather wings beyond my reach;
Why did I seek her body, prone and bare,
I knew too well she was no longer there;

Yet fixed in my own sour dream, must weep and plead,
For crying up through the gap her absence made,
My childhood lurched towards me from the shade,
Then drenched my present moment with its need.
'Hear me when I cry,' in this shadow play,
Those were my lines, and hers, 'I cannot stay,

I cannot be myself, till we're apart.'
In our more lucid moments we would smile
At words like these, their histrionic style,
Yet now they're real enough about the heart.
Is it by such oblivions we make clear
The darkened glass, and to ourselves draw near?

'Beneath these shadows,' I said, 'of love and hate,
Cast by our childhoods, there's a present day,
If we should reach there from our shadow-play,
Would we be married then, or separate?'
And she, 'Until our dead are disinterred,
The answer to that question is deferred.'

THOMAS BLACKBURN

Words and Music

An Elizabethan Song Book. Edited by W. H. AUDEN, C. KALLMAN and N. GREENBERG. *Faber*. 32*s*. 6*d*.

When ever did Music and Sweet Poetry honestly agree? This large and elegant volume (84 Elizabethan songs scored for solo voice and piano) is a memento of the one time—in England at any rate—when the two were linked together not only on equal terms but at the highest possible level. The union was soon over; musician and poet grew more and more estranged: meeting in a song, they are often centuries apart in taste and temper as well as years. Good music may be spent on appalling words; difficult major poems, implacably resistant to the process, may be forced into a musical dress. Today, in most songs of a 'serious' kind, the words have usually provoked the setting. Yet are not the programme credits always given to the composer of the tune? Commenting in the joint Introduction on those song enthusiasts who despise the poet's role, Mr Auden (or Mr Kallman?) observes:

> They quote Rossini's remark, 'give me a laundry-list and I will set it,' unaware, apparently, that a laundry-list, or any list for that matter, has a poetic value, and one which is exceptionally translatable into musical terms.

This may be going a little far: a laundry-list is admittedly simple and sensuous, but it is rarely passionate. Yet it *has* certain qualities which are necessary for an effective song: simplicity, directness, a bold, evocative, unequivocal choice of words. The Introduction contains a significant passage in which the editors analyse the poetic vocabulary most fitting for music; it includes interjections, imperatives, verbs of movement or emotion, adjectives of elementary qualities, nouns of feeling—any part of language which is used in a vivid and immediate way. Try this out on any songs, good or bad, that you remember; it is true enough. The good have this verbal drive or sharpness; the bad have not. It accounts for the impelling quality of most hymns, of course; certainly of many of the older ballads – *Edward, Edward, The bonnie Earl of Moray*.

But vocabulary is only half of the story. Hymns, whose words have generally preceded the tune, have little metrical interest; this, on the other hand, is the Elizabethan lyric's most striking quality. For it is in the metrical emphasis that the musical commitment really shows: the use of the spondee, for instance, or the stressed monosyllabic line – very characteristically Elizabethan.

> Deare, sweet, faire, wise, change, shrinke, nor be not weake . . .
> Lookes, wordes, tears, sighes, shew love when love they leave . . .
> Sweete sweet how should we speede if lovers could not speake? . . .

The editors even point out that the few Romantic lyrics which are exciting rhythmically, like some of Blake's and Beddoes's, were modelled consciously on these older verses.

Are there really no other poets who wrote for music? In Mr Auden's own cabaret songs one suspects that the words were written first. Opera libretto? It is impossible to think of one within the past two hundred years that ranks as literature. The joint work of such partners as Gilbert and Sullivan or of Mr Noel Coward and Mr Noel Coward has provided many brilliantly effective songs, but not any serious lyric poems which could stand apart from the tune. Campion, whose words and music were of the same high quality (he is well represented in this book) seems to have been a unique figure. In any case, at more than 'popular' level collaboration hardly exists at all. Certain poets do appear to have had a musical intent. Tom Moore, who wrote his *Irish Melodies* to set tunes ('I was only as the wind to the sleeping harp') had conventional taste but a lively ear; his verses are not all without metrical variety:

> To Ladies' eyes around, boy,
> We can't refuse, we can't refuse. . .
>
> While gazing on the moon's light,
> A moment from her smile I turn'd. . .
>
> The time I've lost in wooing,
> In watching and pursuing
> The light that lies
> In woman's eyes,
> Has been my heart's undoing. . .

Tennyson, who provides some very good singing material, often appeared to *think* of his music as songs: the most famous of the Maud lyrics, with its dancing movement, part delirium and part dream, might well have been written for that half-heard drawing-room orchestra of flute, violin, bassoon. Shelley, who often gave the impression in his slighter poems of matching the words to a guitar, is another apt source for composers. So, too, is Hardy, who was himself much concerned with music. In *At a Pause in a Country Dance* – to take one of many examples – it is hard to believe that he did not have some rustic tune (played, one may suppose, on the bass viol) in his mind. On the other hand a poem such as a Keats Ode does not do at all for musical treatment. This is not because the poem is 'too good' – a poem is never that – but because it is too complex in style and thought. Rifts should never be so loaded with ore. Look at the poems in this Elizabethan Song Book, and the difference will be clear.

Part-songs and madrigals, which returned to fashion after so long an oblivion, are not to everybody's taste; this book is for those who hold that one voice is enough for one song. (Ayres, as one Elizabethan editor noted, were meant 'for one Voyce alone, or to the Lute, the Basse Viole, or both if you please'.) The piano accompaniment here is an almost literal transcription of the lute melody. The lyrics, so often about the painful pleasures or pleasant pains of love in a spring season, are not unfamiliar perhaps, but it is more than agreeable to meet them in this setting. Except for a few pieces from the Melvill *Booke of Roundels*, they are a fair choice from the thirty-odd books of Ayres published in London between 1597 and 1622 – a magnificent quarter of a century. And apart from the very considerable pleasures of the text, the Introduction might well be read by anyone intending to write the words or music of a song.

NAOMI LEWIS

A Musical Map

European Music in the Twentieth Century. Edited by HOWARD HARTOG. *Routledge*. 35*s*.

Alban Berg. By H. F. REDLICH. *Calder*. 30*s*.

Attempts to map the vast area of modern music are apt to resemble those picturesque early charts which are thick with detailed information about the better-known countries, but leave the more outlying regions blank, or plaster them with legends such as 'Here be monsters; here cannibals; here fog'. In his stimulating and extremely valuable survey, Mr Howard Hartog has largely avoided such faults by entrusting the task to a symposium. Though, as he modestly claims, his approach is not at all parochial, he has in most cases found an English, or English-speaking, writer competent to discuss the music of any particular country or individual. There are two exceptions. A Greek, John Papaioannou, writes about his friend, the recluse Schönberg pupil, Nikos Skalkottas (1904-1949), to whose merits the world is slowly awakening; and Scandinavian music has been allotted to an eminent Swedish musicologist. Perhaps through no fault of his own, Dr Bo Wallner's contribution is not the most satisfactory. Even without Nielsen and Sibelius (omitted as being too familiar and accessible to need fresh treatment), he evidently feels hampered by lack of space, and he is sometimes obliged to fall back on a string of names with a minimum of comment; thus he polishes off within seven lines Taneli Kuusisto, Nils-Erik Ringbom

and Nils-Erik Fougstedt, three Finnish names of which few readers will previously have heard. This is not much better than saying 'Here be Nils-Eriks'.

More room might perhaps have been made for Dr Wallner by cutting some of the stolid ideological lecture prefixed to Bernard Stevens's otherwise helpful chapter on Russian music. Throughout this essay, and to some extent also in his chapter on Czech and Polish music, one is often aware of a good musician at grips with a political theorist. In many pointed comments on individual works, the musician is uppermost; the sound Marxist triumphs in the introductory pages, which are packed with quotations from the best sources, regardless of their absurdity. If Marx really said 'In a Communist society there are no painters but at most men who, among other things, also paint', it would be more charitable to forget the great man's lapse. Mr Stevens shows balanced judgment on the subject of Shostakovich, though his comment on *The Song of the Forests* is quaint. This cantata, we are told, 'written to commemorate the great afforestation scheme, fails to communicate much of the dramatic quality of that vast enterprise . . .' No afforestation scheme, however vast and enterprising, can be called 'dramatic' except by crude journalistic licence. On Prokofiev Mr Stevens is rather less sound, making too free with the suspect word 'decadent', writing about the Second Violin Concerto as though its even finer predecessor did not exist, and seeming unaware that the late Cello Concertante is only a rehash of the earlier Cello Concerto. At such points it was the duty of a good editor to intervene.

By a long way the most remarkable essay in the symposium is that of David Drew on France, out of scale with the rest but included entire (I presume) because the editor could not bear to sacrifice anything from an argument so clear and so closely sustained. Mr Drew's strength is a rare combination of seriousness and vivid writing, a wide and detailed knowledge of scores, and a delightful confidence that the goodness or badness of music can really be demonstrated. Often he seems to hit the nail right on the head, as in his thumbnail sketch of Jean Françaix's talent; but I find myself a little disconcerted by the actual works that emerge from the process of his admirable critical analysis with a First Prize label: a great deal of Satie, that silly squib of Poulenc, *Les Mamelles de Tirésias*, and the gaudy immensities of Messiaen.

English music falls to Antony Milner, who has to exclude himself from an intelligent appraisal of his contemporaries and seniors. Thoroughly appreciative of Britten, he yet puts his finger on the persistent weakness that mars his opera plots: his 'heroes are largely innocent and suffer unjustly; their stories are not so much tragic as pathetic'; both drama and music are thus weakened by 'the substitution of sentimental sympathy for tragic fear'. I am sorry that Mr Milner could find space for no more than a bare mention of two brilliant Anglicized composers, Matyas Seiber and Roberto Gerhard; and glad that he praises the very beautiful *Latin Motets* of Bernard Naylor.

Leaving Hindemith to Norman del Mar, Mr Hartog has taken for his own province Germany, about which, as a leading member of Schott's, he knows a great deal; we have lately been indebted to his knowledge and taste in a series of BBC programmes which commended some striking modern German music to our attention. Stravinsky falls, expectedly, to Eric Walter White, whose book on the composer, though now out of date and out of print, is the best I know; Bartok to the American, Everett Helm, who has intensively studied and analysed the six quartets and the *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta*. Iain Hamilton is also conscientious and thorough, both on Swiss music and on Berg and Webern; in his few pages he contrives to be more enlightening about Berg than Dr Redlich in the course of his full-length study. Dr. Redlich disappoints us by mistaking parsing for criticism, and by swallowing whole certain clumsinesses or naiveties in *Lulu*, such as the interpolated film and the use of the pentatonic scale to 'symbolise' the abnormal tendencies of the Grafin Geschwitz; indeed, he thinks *Lulu* the composer's best work, a strange judgment to anyone who also knows *Wozzeck* and the Violin Concerto.

It is curious, by the way, how different an impression of Berg's life is given by Mr Hamilton and by Dr Redlich. Mr Hamilton sees him as predominantly fortunate—in his comfortable family background, his deep friendship with Schönberg, his happy marriage and 'the international success accorded to his work during his lifetime'; while Dr Redlich, on the contrary, lays great stress on the wretched health which dogged him throughout his life and left him often too ill or too depressed for work. Despite the gentle charm which impressed all who encountered him, it is Dr Redlich's picture which is the more convincing. In 1903, when he was eighteen, Berg attempted to commit suicide; in 1919 he wrote to Webern of his 'ruined health'; in 1921, 'This never-to-be-quite-well-again is terribly depressing. . . .' Nor, for all his genius, is it euphoria, but rather a deep melancholy and sickness of soul, that lies at the heart of his creative work.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

From York to the Globe

The Irresistible Theatre: Vol. I. From the Conquest to the Commonwealth. By W. BRIDGES ADAMS. *Secker & Warburg*. 42*s*.

Histories of specialised subjects are not commonly very enhancing. If they are full and accurate they tend to be tedious; if they are arbitrarily tendentious they are misleading. This, the first of a projected two-volume history of the theatre, is a notable exception. Mr Bridges Adams modestly calls it a 'vulgarisation', but it is a vulgarisation in the good sense, not the bad. It brings together in a medium compass and a highly readable form all that is known up to the present about what was in its time the major branch of literature, but treats it in the only way it can reasonably be understood, not as something for the reader but something for an audience.

Mr Bridges Adams has three special qualifications for his task. First, he has throughout his lifetime been professionally engaged in the theatre (for fifteen years as Director of Productions at Stratford). Then he is a man of wide reading, taste and scholarship. And lastly—it is the catalyst to the other two—he is a man for whom the past is as alive as the present, and vice versa. He has that lively kind of historical imagination which can re-create the passions and enthusiasms of another time as if they were his own recollections.

Technical experience is, of course, a great help here. When he is reconstructing for us the medieval miracle plays, he is, as it were, working out for himself a problem in producing. Given certain very limited means—the chancel, the church, the market place—how would they have made the best of them? And given an accession

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of means – the discovery of harmless gunpowder, for instance – what producer wouldn't seize on it to reinforce his effects? 'Producers' theatre' is nothing new. Indeed, one hoary old Puritan belief – that the more simple the staging of old plays the nearer you will be to the contemporary reality – cannot survive a reading of his pages. That Shakespeare didn't need scenery, since he painted it all for us with his poetry, has long been the purist belief. It is not true. Theatre is spectacle, and the only limitations that have been set have been technical limitations. Self-denying ordinances on æsthetic grounds are a modern affectation. Nor does Mr Bridges Adams in his treatment of Elizabethan staging give much comfort to the fashionable view that the arena is the natural Shakespearean habitat; and though he himself worked with Poel he has a balanced attitude towards purism:

> If we set out to give the whole of Shakespeare on the most convincing reconstruction of his stage yet known, we shall find before we are half-way through the canon that our public are getting bored with it, much more bored than people ever were with scenery at the Lyceum or at His Majesty's. The vast and curtainless setting that some prefer does not always speed the action; it takes a confoundedly long time to get one's people on and off, and when much blood has been spilt the ceremonious removing of the bodies may become wearisome. Not everything was wrong in the days when the dead lay still until they heard the tumbler thump the boards, and then upped and ran for dear life.

But I mustn't give the impression that Mr Bridges Adams is anything but very incidentally concerned with such controversial issues. He is primarily tracing the lineage, interweaving his dissection of the playwrights with descriptions of the audiences, the actors, the buildings, the climate of opinion. Nor does he try, as other enthusiasts of the period have done, to elevate the lesser Elizabethans into something more than lesser. We understand them better for reading him because we hear them with an actor's ear and see them with an audience's eye. But they remain lesser and, except perhaps for specialist tastes, probably irrevivable.

To keep this kind of history going without devolving into wearisome technical detail or strings of potted plots, is a considerable feat. Mr Bridges Adams can call on a considerable gift for phrase as, for instance, when he describes Marlowe as 'the embodiment of a Rennaissance England that has not yet forgotten older ways of thought but is exulting in a sense of liberation, waist-deep in shadow with its face turned to the sun'. This kind of felicity abounds. Mr Bridges Adams, in short, is a writer, and his history is not merely compiled, it is composed. I hope many young people of the succeeding generations will arrive at their knowledge of the history of our theatre under his humane and liberal guidance.

T. C. WORSLEY

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Medical Egos

Being Lived by my Life. By CHARLES BERG. *Allen & Unwin*. 21s.

Left-Handed Doctor. By PETER QUINCE. *Dent*. 16s.

Doctor on the Dole. By MICHAEL JOHNN. *Johnson*. 15s.

Black Magic and White Medicine. By MICHAEL VANE. *Chambers*. 16s.

We laugh for a variety of reasons—one of them is fear. There is a case for this kind of laughter, provided we know what we are doing. If we had a Pulitzer Prize in medical writing, I might almost be inclined to give it to *A Doctor in the House*, for changing the face of medical reminiscence. I much prefer the medical income-supplementer when he is being funny: in the pre-Gordonian era he was frequently sensational or sentimental, and of the two the fun, even if it is a tranquilliser, is the more Hippocratic. Of these four books of reminiscence one is serious, two are humorous at the level of comedy rather than farce, and one is documentary through anecdote. Dr Berg deserves the respect of a fuller notice than I can afford him, but his book is very closely linked with the point I have made. Dr Quince concentrates on the laughs, and has netted the Book Society – he is less corny but archer than Gordon and lacks his very effective hunted look, but he gets some good fun out of a mixture of medicine and amateur theatricals. The success of the Gordon formula, which just eludes him, is that it is the *doctor* who is funny – and only such of his patients as are grotesque beyond self-identification. For the doctor to be funny is comforting, as it comforts us for the psychiatrist and the dentist to be funny. But *we* are not funny, and books in which patients are the source of humour are fun *for* doctors, a small profession which, it is worth observing, buys light reading frugally.

Dr Johnn laughs, but in an excusably hollow tone, at the blank failure of the Health Service to employ him on his return, at a well-qualified fifty-two, from Australia. A difficult customer, perhaps, he has missed the Book Society, but has some vigorous pictures of people, from Dublin to Bougainville, which he can't spell; he has now, it seems, come to rest in a pharmaceutical firm – he tells a fair story, and deserves a hearing for it. Dr Vane's book is disjointed in form, and seems to be made up of magazine articles sewn together, but it has very great documentary interest. The author was a mines medical officer in the Transvaal. He liked and respected miners, Black and White, and his picture of them, and the society they live in, is presented with a humane matter-of-factness. He is a South African and a liberal, a member of the human race but not a militant 'progressive'; what he has to say commands respect because he lacks the inhibitions which go with special pleading. If he has to describe African stupidity and White police brutality, or equally African and White good sense and good humour, he does it with complete candour. I liked the book because it came nearer than most to unaffected fairmindedness, and I recommend it as a documentary.

Dr Berg stands apart from the entertainers. He deserves more scientific treatment than I can give him here, for much of what he has to say is, in fact, speculation in human biology. In contrast to the writers who are trying to be funny, he has written a serious book but senses that some of his fellow-men will make fun of it. Dr Berg has found the explanation of much human behaviour, including his own, in the practice of psychoanalysis. He is here setting out to apply that insight retrospectively and publicly to his own life.

He is a kind, fertile and enormously voluble mind, who showers us with hypotheses in biology and psychodynamics, any one of which would be interesting if it could be subjected to evidential criticism: euphoric, or rather euthymic, pleased by his own insight, by his ability to help, by the ideas in his head, and quite untroubled by any compulsion to verify. The candour of an eminent man deserves equal frankness – the result *is* incongruous almost beyond belief, by any normal expectation of audience reaction. Now laughter, as I suggested, is a screen for the disturbing, and Dr Berg points out that it has been loudest not when psychoanalytical concepts were absurd but when they were unsettlingly in accord with intuition. That, with respect, isn't what makes this book funny. It is incongruous because however devoted the author's pursuit of his own motives, the reader can see him much better than he is seeing himself – because, in other words, it is pompous. Even informed insight is partial. It does involve the capacity to predict the laughter of others, but it also involves the recognition of what they are laughing at. If Mr Pooter had been a psychoanalyst, he would have still been unable to see why his social attitudes were funny, however volubly he discussed their unconscious motivation. Dr Berg's Pooterism consists in the recitation of commonplaces in a tone which indicates deep conviction of their profundity. But his book does not merit ridicule. This uncensored retrospect is in fact a protective construct as elaborate, I think, as the censored reconstructions which analytical psychology tries to penetrate. Analytical psychology has itself become a part of Dr Berg's personal armour. There is a sense in which the Freudian approach reinforces egocentricity in those who seem to be most helped by it: they move from the isolation of the womb, through painful ambivalences in the family, to an adulthood which owes nearly everything to ontogeny and little to phylogeny and society, and the final sensation of insight into the Self is an experience more exciting than cathartic. In the conviction of self-knowledge which follows, vigilance over the tiresome routine of induction, evidence, and detached judgment through self-criticism flags – it is easy to be dangerously rather than beneficially immune to mockery and argument if both represent only the 'resistance' of those who have not been saved. Our neighbours

laugh either in order to deceive themselves, or because they see that we are deceiving ourselves. Both these functions of laughter have to be recognised, but they need to be distinguished – that was what proved the undoing of Mr Pooter.

ALEX COMFORT

In Sight? Not Half!

The Poetry of Experience. By ROBERT LANGBAUM. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

In English studies there is a thin but constant stream of good books from America, and it's not surprising that they don't like the way we go on jeering or (with a word of encouragement) patting their shaggy continent on the back. Mr Langbaum's book is too speculative and untypical to cause one of those angry transatlantic exchanges that give an appearance of life to the correspondence page of *The Times Literary Supplement*. It is a splendidly able book, deft and clear and sustained in its argument, learned and imaginative, a work of philosophical criticism; reading it straight through is a strangely compelling experience, like watching a motorcycle engine being stripped down on to a clean white sheet. It isn't the kind of book that gets attacked over here, but it is likely to be quietly undervalued.

Mr Langbaum develops the idea of a poetry of experience in order to discuss the effect of the Enlightenment on English and European literature, and to do so in a fashion that strikes underneath those categories of Classical, Romantic, neo-Classical, which literary historians rely on to bundle us through the centuries. His argument achieves two important results. In the first place he offers a most satisfying account of the relation between the eighteenth-century vogue of sensibility and the Romantic movement. It is of course a commonplace that Wordsworth was 'influenced' by Young and Helen Maria Williams, Coleridge by the Reverend Bowles, Keats by Mrs. Tighe and Mother Radcliffe; but Mr Langbaum is the first person to make any general sense of the question of mental continuity. To take the single example of Coleridge's psychologising approach to Shakespeare: by a series of shrewd comparisons – in particular, with Morgann's essay on Falstaff – Mr Langbaum shows that Coleridge's intense cultivation of character-criticism makes only a superficial distinction between him and pre-Romantic writers; at a deeper level they are united in their rejection of the old view of drama in which, as Aristotle puts it, the *dramatis personae* are 'agents' of the story, and not characters at all in any modern sense. They are united in requiring the people to impart all value to the story, and in degrading the story to the role of experience undergone by the people – hence, in the context of drama, we come to Mr Langbaum's 'Poetry of Experience'.

Secondly, Mr Langbaum's book is successful in demonstrating close similarities of intention and technique between Victorian and contemporary poetry – similarities that have been obscured by the anti-Romantic trend of nearly all good criticism in the last forty years. His main concern is with the Dramatic Monologue and he analyses its use from Tennyson and Browning to Mr Eliot's Prufrock, with a sideglance at Yeats's Crazy Jane poems and Mr Pound's *Personæ*. The one serious flaw is the inordinate amount of space and respect accorded to Browning. Mr Langbaum offers us Browning's unique blend of Henley Regatta and the Pulpit –

> In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to match man's birth,
> Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I; –

or of old-fashioned Modernism and Demon Barber rhetoric –

> The patent truth-extracting process – ha? –

without a trace of misgiving. Surely he would not have done so if his critical sense had not been overcome for a moment by an anxiety to forward his thesis – ha?

JOHN JONES

Detection and Crime

To This Favour. By SUSAN GILRUTH. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Furnished for Murder. By ELIZABETH FERRARS. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Death at One Blow. By HENRIETTA HAMILTON. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The Late Uncle Max. By MARY FITT. *Macdonald.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Fire, Burn! By JOHN DICKSON CARR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Death of a Bridegroom. By JOHN RHODE. *Bles.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Colour of Murder. By JULIAN SYMONS. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Big Bite. By CHARLES WILLIAMS. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There are too many sprats and not enough mackerel in the haul of detection this summer. (Without a reduction in the scope of their activities publishers may one day find themselves unable to sell their catch: detective waters, like the North Sea, are being grievously over-fished.) Still, enough fair-sized specimens can be laid out on the slab to meet the customers' requirements. In default of an Agatha Christie, try a Susan Gilruth. *To This Favour* can be thoroughly recommended – smooth texture, delicate flavour and no bones to stick in your throat. The heroine is summoned for a week-end to the country-house of an old friend by an urgent postscript 'Don't let me down – it's a matter of *life or death*'. Yet, when she arrives, the old friend, a much-married unpredictable lady, refuses to specify the cause of her alarm. Then rocks in quarries fall, Nannie is nearly killed, the heroine bumps her head, and the placid Gloucestershire landscape becomes alive with suspicious characters. Before the week-end is out the question is no longer one of life or death but of who closed the mouth of the unpredictable lady. And unless the reader pays the closest attention to the incident of the coffee cups he will find himself sadly at sea. It would not be true to say that Miss Gilruth is ready and equipped to step into Mrs Christie's shoes, but her apparently guileless simplicity and generous information reminds one pleasantly of *that* unpredictable and formidable lady. Even the falling rock in the quarry recalls a certain momentous quern in Mesopotamia.

The plot of *Furnished for Murder* is the best Miss Ferrars has invented in recent years and would certainly hold us mystified until the last page, but for the authoress's softness of heart. Her characters invariably sail under their true colours: they are either nice, nasty or dim, with no chameleons among them. Where then are the suspects to come from? In *Furnished for Murder* a young man (dim) inherits a fortune from his intestate aunt (nice but dead), thereby doing a young girl (nice) out of her expectations. Naturally there has been hanky-panky somewhere along the line. After a stranger from America (nasty) and the wife of the young girl's admirer (nasty) have been eliminated, who can have done all the murdering? What should have been a ticklish battle of wits is reduced to a simple sum in subtraction because Miss Ferrars is far too fond of nice people to retain the power to fool us, even when her ingenuity holds us at her mercy.

Death at One Blow felled this reviewer like a pole-axe: I never came within a mile of the solution until it was expounded for my benefit in eleven solid pages. Miss Hamilton proves to be an antagonist one may all too easily underrate. That amateurish shuffling of the pack of suspects is all for your benefit, for she pulls off the three-card trick with professional ease. A benign old Jewish banker without an apparent enemy in the world is silently put to death one afternoon in his Hampshire home. When the possible motives and alibis have been dexterously transposed, if you can spot the lady, you're a better man than I am, Gunga Din.

For relaxation one may join Miss Fitt in a frivolous romp with the archaeologists on a Greek island. *The Late Uncle Max* died unregretted on the site of his own dig for reasons best known to the authoress. But the fantastic creatures in his retinue, indulging in arty-crafty mumbo-jumbo with the local inhabitants, may conceivably infect the reader with the feverish high spirits in which the book is written.

Male detection takes a back seat this season. Of the two old stagers Mr Dickson Carr reverts to his hankering after the supernatural. In *Fire, Burn!* a modern Scotland Yard detective is transplanted in a trance-like state to the year 1829, where he becomes involved in a rollicking costume-piece

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with all the Regency vocabulary and period appurtenances that Mr Carr can muster. A neat little surprise at the finish hardly compensates for the laborious enterprise. Mr Rhode's contribution falls into the long-winded uneventful category. *Death of a Bridegroom* originates in an interesting family quandary, when mother and grandmother both decide to remarry almost simultaneously. Why was one of the would-be bridegrooms found hanging with his feet dangling over a cross-cut saw and an axe? Loyal partisans of Jimmy Waghorn may dutifully trail along with him for 250 pages up blind alleys, but the discerning reader will not need Dr Priestley's help to comprehend the significance of the photograph on the dust-jacket.

The Colour of Murder, described by the publishers as a *tour de force* for lack of a better term, is neither detection nor crime story but a bold attempt to combine the two in an acceptable package. Mr. Symons conducts us through a trial for murder ending in conviction; and at its conclusion poses two questions. Did the young man, subject to blackouts and loss of memory, kill the girl he loved on Brighton beach? If he didn't, who did? The story is extremely readable and exciting (although much of the morbid psychology seems to be picked at random out of textbooks) yet no one will rack his brains for an answer. If it were a question asked in real life, of course there must needs be a reply. But this is fiction, where every character and circumstance is blatantly contrived. If the author cannot find his way out of his self-created imbroglio, why should we?

Lastly, an unabashed thriller by an American expert in the manufacture of suspense. 'Will keep you tied to your chair through shock after shock till the final peach of all pay-offs' runs the blurb of *The Big Bite;* and, peeling off the exaggeration, the reader may recognise the description for once as appropriate. The tough-guy hero starts his journey under a crashed car in Oklahoma and concludes his blackmailing odyssey under crashed hopes in Texas. What happens to him in between is Mr Charles Williams's business; and no one could dish out cupidity, sensuality and brutality in proper proportions with a more sensitive and discriminating touch.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Duckworth Books

100 Years of Philosophy

by JOHN PASSMORE

Professor Passmore of the Australian National University, Canberra, has achieved a remarkable *tour de force* of compression and lucidity in one of the most difficult fields any author could choose for himself—that of the recent history of ideas.

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Black and White?

This Hallowed Ground. By BRUCE CATTON. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Goodbye to Uncle Tom. By J. C. FURNAS. *Secker & Warburg.* 30*s.*

Segregation. By ROBERT PENN WARREN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Life and Times of King Cotton. By DAVID L. COHN. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

One day last autumn, one of the most sophisticated spokesmen for the White South was trying to justify segregation to me. He had claimed that, just as God had created men and women with a natural affinity for each other, so, to forestall what he called 'mongrelisation', God had endowed people of different colours with a natural distate for miscegenation. 'But,' I protested, 'you don't have laws to enforce this God-given affinity between the sexes; why, then, do you have laws to segegate black and white?' He looked straight in my eyes. 'Mr. MacKenzie,' he said, 'you don't understand. We are God's instrument.'

In conversations of this kind in the South you too often come to such a dead end of argument. To such men it is useless to quote facts, statistics, anthropology, biology. Their minds have to run in a circle because one flaw in the chain of illogic will break it. What use to refer to the figures given by Mr. Furnas to show that at least 10 million 'white' Americans may have at least one Negro ancestor? To a white supremacist this would only be a reason for extra vigilance: his mind cannot encompass the inevitable though long-term amalgamation of the American people. He must talk nonsense, because his social system cannot otherwise be sustained.

For this reason, it is difficult for the outsider to grasp the subtleties of life in the South. From abroad, even from the North, the picture seems simple enough. What the white Southerner believes is demonstrably wrong, morally and in scientific terms; what he does is also wrong, legally and socially. Neither of these propositions is difficult to prove. But they are almost beside the point, because what matters is why the white South behaves like this and, what follows, why it is so difficult to induce it to change its way of life.

These four books would make a good short course in this problem. There are better books available, but these have the merit that they are excellent reading. Start with the unusual book by Mr. Furnas. His thesis is that generations of Americans—and foreigners bemused by *oncle-tomerie*—have grown up with dangerous misconceptions about the American Negro because Harriet Beecher Stowe did not know what she was talking about when she wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* The second part of this statement is quite true. But Mr. Furnas hammers the first point home too hard. His analysis of the novel, his account of its translation by 'Tommers' playing dramatised versions around the theatres and fairgrounds, show how it became a powerful social myth: but this is merely a spine for the best part of his book—the description of what slavery really meant, and a most sensible discussion of the biology of race. These are less entertaining topics, perhaps, than the misconceptions of Mrs. Stowe, but they are treated powerfully and clearly.

Go next to Mr. Cohn's book. Cotton is not the whole of the Southern story, but it is a large part of it. There are reasons why slavery and separatism might have persisted in the South even if Eli Whitney had not invented the cotton gin, but cotton wove them both into the fabric of secession—and the dreadful cost is reckoned in Mr. Catton's story of the Civil War. This account of the four-year campaign, the 'soldier's war' rather than the politician's, is competent enough, despite Mr. Catton's liking for a mystic purple colour to his perorations. In a few years, no one will still be living who can remember his father's tales of the war. But Mr. Catton's book should make English readers realise how this war terribly disfigured and distorted American society: indeed, without some understanding of its geo-politics and its aftermath it is impossible to grasp the underlying pattern of the present struggle about de-segregation. Something of that pattern does emerge from Mr. Penn Warren's suggestive, but too artfully contrived report of conversations with fellow Southerners. Shortly after his journey through the South, I covered much the same ground—I can, as a matter of fact, identify some of his anonymous respondents—and I can confirm the accuracy of this report within its self-imposed limits. But it is polished to the patina of *Life* rather than to the rough finish of life. I think Mr. Penn Warren a superb novelist, and he knows the South as I shall never know it. But this book is the work of a professional writer, and its tricks of style dominate at the expense of reality. I cannot help comparing it to another volume: reading *The Mind of the South* as I travelled through the region, I found a new insight into this strange and contradictory culture. I do not know if any English publisher has made available this brilliant essay by the late W. J. Cash. If not, it would be an excellent choice for a Pelican.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Skimming Asia

Picture of Japan. By COLIN SIMPSON. *Angus & Robertson.* 21*s.*

Personal and Oriental. By AUSTIN COATES. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

After twelve years in the Far East, 'cluttered up with impressions,' Mr. Coates decided to do a rapid flip round Asia to get 'a long perspective'—Japan, Hongkong, Manila, Rangoon, parts of India and Pakistan and home by way of Baghdad, Ankara and Istanbul. What we get is not so much a perspective, as a series of swoops and pounces, some of them brilliant, some of them maddeningly superficial. He could not be better on the great works of art, like the Chuguji Kwannon near Nara or the Taj Mahal, and he has sudden, intuitive flashes of wisdom about national character, which contribute more to our understanding of Asians than all the official guide-books put together. He is excellent on India, especially on those forlorn relics of the days of the British Raj, the bearers, the head servants, the vice-regal advisers, at a loss in the New India; and equally so on the liberal intellectuals, up-to-date unconventional, but like us, morally in doubt.

He understands a lot about Japan. The Japanese, he notes, have preserved the Victorian parlour in its full hideousness, just as they have preserved their early borrowings from China and India, religious art, architecture, calligraphy. 'There is addition, but no subtraction; glass cases but no dustbin.' He explains the apparent lack of philosophical profundity in the Japanese by their unwillingness to give an imperfect, written account of a profound 'thought-experience'. Instead they prefer to express it in the attainable perfection of the tea-ceremony or flower arrangement. Hence the unusual combination of masterpieces of art and a negligible interest in philosophy. If only Mr Coates would rest longer in such moments of illumination! But the breathless pace of his journey forces him to try to put all of Hongkong and its special problems into the sketch of a single family and the Philippines into some potted history and a lot of nightclubbery with the Filipino smart set. An irritatingly scattery book, with patches here and there of sheer excellence.

Mr Simpson's book on Japan is another matter. He is a recorder, not an interpreter. An Australian, who as a war correspondent had retraced the Death Marches, he went to Japan for two reasons: he had heard about its natural beauties, and he felt that Japan, as the pacemaker of Asia, is politically a key country. So off he went with atrocity stories ringing in his ears, and a hostile market awaiting his book at home. He writes good sharp professional prose, effacing his own personality, which nevertheless comes through as a very pleasant one. There is first-rate description of all the usual tourist objectives from strip-tease to the temples of Kyoto, from pin-ball parlours to Hiroshima, but Mr Simpson's reports on the teaching of English in Japan, on the conditions of student life, on the rising birth-rate and the lack of outlets for exports, unbiased and commonsensical, are more important. A Japanese birth-control expert discussed with him wistfully the possibility of a transfer to Japan of undeveloped land, like New Guinea. Mr Simpson has, too, a fresh, unprejudiced eye. He unexpectedly likes the Noh Play, and, equally unexpectedly, doesn't like the famous over-ornate Yomeimon gate at Nikko. Nor does the rubbish littering the slopes of Mount Fuji escape him, dazzled though he is by the famous white cone. Altogether this is an extremely useful and very readable book, the best of its kind on post-war Japan.

EILEEN FRASER

Shorter Reviews

The Ship-Busters. By RALPH BARKER. *Chatto & Windus.* 16s.

Tracing the development from 1940 to 1945 of the R.A.F. low-level torpedo-bombers, Mr Barker pays dignified and accurate homage to the men who in early snag-ridden Beauforts evolved a technique which enabled strike wings to blast retreating German forces in the last weeks of war. Rarely can a mode of attack have been more frustrating, more costly in lives. This is the epic of large convoys, sinister names—*Lutzow, Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Prinz Eugen*—from a now-fading demonology, and grievous confusion. Turret-guns jammed; radio communication kept breaking down; torpedoes often failed to drop or fell prematurely; crews had to contend with weather, flak and the immense problem of judging speeds and ranges over water. Yet against these odds and in face of spasmodic mistrust by Ministries and Service chiefs, men like Campbell, V.C., and Wing-Commander Pat Gibbs conspired the mutilation of capital ships, the annihilation of lesser vessels, enforced the virtual closure of Rotterdam harbour, severed Rommel's Mediterranean supply line, and played a vital part in the Battle of the Atlantic in 1941.

Mr Barker explores his theme in terms of the men who flew, making special mention of that usually overlooked man of parts, the wireless-operator/air-gunner. *The Ship-Busters*, written in the same tersely articulate style as *Down in the Drink*, is a sobering, vivid record; and a gain in narrative pace over its predecessor promises well for Mr Barker's next foray into the operation record books.

P. W.

Till Seven. By GEOFFREY DENNIS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 16s.

'When, in my teens and on, I heard friends talk of their young memories . . . meagre they sounded; my pre-seven bag was clearly above average. Why not write about it?' That is what Mr Dennis has done. The place is Manchester: the time just before the turn of the century. He begins the story with the night Geoffrey came, a porridge-lover from the start, and carries it on to the Princess Road Board School. An identity is unravelled and created at the same time.

Objectively, there is the picture of late Victorian life in the very middle of the middle classes. Thick, rich slabs of black November parkin on Guy Fawkes night; the gay, crackling flames of the nursery, and the deep red silent fire of the kitchen; little girls in white on Whitsunday; the whole procession of the Church's year. The family was Nonconformist, strict in observance but joyful and generous. Little Geoffrey Dennis spells, memorises, cheats, questions, reads his way through it all. Now and then he does seem precociously aware of himself and his place in the world. Also, the mannered style of writing will not be to everybody's taste. But to a large extent the author succeeds in his aim, which was 'giving the child, to ban the man'.

A. D.

The School in Our Village. By JOAN M. GOLDMAN. *Batsford.* 15s

The Cotswold village school of which Mrs Goldman is headmistress, and which she here describes with such affection, exists for the sake of sixteen children, and is therefore an administrative anomaly. The 'staffing ratio' is equal to that of an epensive private school, and the atmosphere is that of a large and contented family. But England will be the less England if we can't continue to find room for anomalies. The educational system of tomorrow will be poorer than it might be unless it can accommodate the virtues of the 'one teacher' school. It is for this reason that Mrs Goldman's book should be known to all who have any part in shaping the future of education. All the overt propaganda it contains is one modest sentence: 'My contention is that a well-run village school, once its natural shortcomings and special problems have been faced and surmounted, can make a unique and necessary contribution to education in a mass-production society such as ours.'

But Mrs Goldman's aim is not propaganda—or, if it is, she has had the subtlety and good sense to conceal it behind an uncommonly intimate and appealing account of the day-to-day working of what she does not hesitate to call 'her' school. She writes with a very light touch, and an essential seriousness which never degenerates into solemnity. Mr Edward Ardizzone collaborates to perfection. The charm of the book derives from the underlying attitude to children on the part of both author and artist—an attitude of respect tempered by amusement and altogether free from condescension.

J. R.

The Red Balloon. By ALBERT LAMORISSE. *Allen & Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

Few films have been more beautifully conceived and movingly executed than Albert Lamorisse's *The Red Balloon*. The story of the boy and the magic balloon is fantasy at its best: no mere whimsy, no heavy humour, no playing down, and yet a charming interplay between a real Paris and an imaginary Paris. M. Lamorisse has now achieved a second triumph. He has translated the narrative of a film without dialogue into a clear children's story that perfectly expresses the mood and the point of his fable. When children have read this book, they will only surrender it reluctantly to adults who wish to keep it for its photographs. There is no reason why this should not become a classic.

N. M.

Count Basie and His Orchestra. By RAYMOND HORRICKS. *Gollancz.* 21s.

Mr. Gollancz and Mr. Horricks are lucky. Count Basie's recent and trimphant tour of Britain has certainly made more people eager to discover all they can about this remarkable group of musicians than at any time since the late Thirties. Admittedly most of them are serious lovers of jazz, for Basie is a first-rate bandleader and not—so far—a public myth, and Mr. Horricks has written his monograph about him for a specialised public. It is a useful work, even though the author's style may not be to everyone's taste. I know of no clearer analysis of why Kansas City of all American towns has played so striking a part in the evolution of jazz and what it has contributed to that evolution: the creation of a uniquely effective blend of ensemble playing and individual invention on the basis of the classical negro blues. When the history of jazz comes to be finally emancipated from the legend that New Orleans not only started, but dominated it, Mr. Horricks will rank among the emancipators.

He will do so not only for his critical analysis of Basie's type of music, but also for the fifty-odd biographical notes on all available members of all Basie's bands since the middle thirties. The unique value of jazz for the student of the relations between art and society lies in the fact that it is the only form of folk-music which is—thanks to the gramophone and to the labours of enthusiasts like

BJPS

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Mr Horricks—fully documented, so that we can trace what is normally anonymous, the evolution of styles, the adoption of variations and innovations, back to the individuals who made them, to the times and places when they were made, sometimes even to the occasions when they were originated. The admirers of Count Basie's band, who will obviously all get this book, may not read it with this precise object. The historians and æsthetic theorists of the future, however, will still have reason to thank Mr. Horricks and Mr Alun Morgan, who supplies a 36-page discography.

F. N.

A Yugoslav Adventure. By WILLIAM WOODS. *Deutsch.* 15*s.*

'Malaria. . . . Secret police. Spies. Cockroaches. Dirty beds.' Mr Woods and his family had been warned. Yugoslavia has unfortunately contracted a political notoriety. One has either an exaggerated sympathy with the country or, like Mr Woods, one is led to believe that it is nothing but 'an iron frontier, Tito, red stars and silence'. Fortunately, in spite of these beliefs and his firm intention of 'exposing the truth' in Yugoslavia, Mr Woods rapidly loses his democratic self-righteousness and the ominous tone of the first sentence—'This book is a challenge to the Yugoslav Government'—is thankfully not continued. His book becomes simply a vivid, exciting account of a journey in a tumble-down old car through almost the whole of Yugoslavia.

It is an immensely active, unembarrassed travel book. Mr Woods goes from place to place with a surprising mixture of naivety, erudition, and bravado. There are some very funny encounters with interpreters and guides whom Mr Woods believes to be sinister Communist agents and innumerable conversations with improbable people on improbable subjects—with musicians, garage men, students and sad, abandoned foreigners who talk about 'Europe' and 'Vienna' as thought it was only Yugoslavia that had changed. The ingenuity with which he manages to interview Tito and his evocation of past landscapes and events are worthy of any foreign correspondent or poetic professor. Their journey takes them through Slovenia, to the lake at Bled and then on to a tiny cottage in the wilds of the Sava valley; through Ljubljana, Zagreb and Belgrade and eventually to the dusty heat and colour of Macedonia where, at Nerezi and Sveta Sofia, they were among the first people to see the recently discovered frescoes for more than 600 years. The book is certainly an adventure and a relief from the tortuous find-my-soul-again travelogues so frequent nowadays.

M. H.

Nimbus. Vol. 4, No. 1. Summer 1957. 3*s.*

Nimbus has been given a new look, inside and out. On the cover, a savage Goya in black and white is superimposed on an atomic explosion in pink. Inside, a brisk Marxist air blows. Ian Dallas, starting with a long quotation from George Lukacs, has an interesting note on *The Entertainer:* 'It is pro-Establishment by default. It is pro-Establishment because some social structures and values, even if decadent, are preferable to a moral vacuum—and that is all Mr Osborne can offer because he has chosen to enter the polemical sphere unarmed.' John Berger comes out in a new role as critic of poetry (his occasion is the anthology *Mavericks*); Charles Fox discusses the attraction of jazz for intellectuals, and the limitations of their response; there is an extract from a forthcoming novel by J. P. Donleavy, *Fairy Tale of New York.* And there are two groups of poems, by Patrick Brangwyn, and—angry, blasphemous, lyrical—by Christopher Logue.

J. A. S.

Company Meeting

SMITH'S POTATO CRISPS

RECORD SALES

The twenty-eighth ordinary general meeting of Smith's Potato Crisps Limited was held on July 30 in London.

Mr. F. Le Neve-Foster, chairman, in the course of his speech, said: The Net Profit of the Group, after taxation, is £367,803 as against £276,593, a net increase of £91,210.

The increased profit has, of course, been influenced by the increase in the retail price for our product which we were compelled to make early last year to meet the fast rising costs. In spite of the price increase, we have once again been able to establish new records of production and sales during the year. These have provided that bit of top turnover which, in a mass-producing business such as ours, makes such a valuable contribution to profits.

Many people appear to make the mistake of assuming that your Company receives the full price of 4d per packet, but that is, of course, by no means the case, because a considerable part of the price is necessarily absorbed in margins to Wholesalers and Retailers from which they have to pay the expenses of handling the product to the public.

The demand for our product continues unabated.

Quality the Watchword

Quality is always the watchword of Smith's. The slogan "There are no Crisps like Smith's" is indeed well justified and to the Public, Crisps usually means Smith's Crisps.

During the year we have introduced a new Family Pack sold in a cardboard carton interlined with a suitable grease-proof bag containing 7 ozs. of specially selected crisps and retailing at 2s. 6d. This is for the Household trade where such a package is more convenient.

Results for the first three months of the current year continue to be satisfactory, with sales still making progress.

The report and accounts were adopted.

Week-end Competition

Competition No. 1,431 Set by Naomi Lewis

Furniture-makers in America have recently advertised a Platonic bed, for Platonists. Prizes are offered for a description, in verse or prose, of any item of household or garden use devised for followers of any living or dead philosopher. Limit, 150 words prose or 12 lines verse. Entries by August 13.

Result of No. 1,428 Set by Buzfuz

Competitors are invited to supply an extract from a TV speech or scripted interview by Napoleon to Britain, George III to America, Richard III to the Duchy of Lancaster, Ulysses to Troy, Big Brother to Eurasia, Philip of Spain to Tudor England, or Ethelred the Unready to Denmark. Limit 120 words.

Report

Where were the lively questions, such as Robin Day darted at his victims, and parrying thrusts or practised answer from the interviewed? Instead, there were addresses delivered to 'other nations' (perhaps copied from our present royalty's set speeches?), which missed all the excitement and irony of a to-and-fro between an almost legendary leader of distant foes and the familiar TV interviewer. The other nation never came to life; the Heads of State rested on their pedestals, and from the stony mouths there poured official policy statements or stereotyped self-revelations (almost 'I am mad' from George III). Some viewers might have mocked at the mechanical phrases, much as we laugh when politicians of another party propound their policies or justify their actions. Most would have switched to another channel.

But there were one or two bright moments: Ethelred forgetting to turn over a page in his script (J. A. Lindon); George III's 'obviously Britain cannot go on footing the bill for American defence' from Graham Webster. The simple soldier Bonaparte speaking to the simple sailors—

> I too come from an island, Corsica, and I grew up like so many of you with the noise of the sea in my ears and the wind of freedom in my nostrils. I have always loved the open air life, as you do, and I think more of a man's character than of the books he has read. (D. H. M. Cook)

Prizes of two guineas each to Desmond Skirrow, P. W. R. Foot and Bevis. Runners-up: those mentioned above and Gloria Prince, G. J. Blundell, Stanley J. Sharpless and Selidem.

ETHELRED THE UNREADY TO DENMARK

. . . and THEY wer not redy. For though that ilond bring forth grete bravorie and wod foughten you bytter and gylefull they wer not redy. Though they wer strong lyke wylde bestes that ilond wer slow to make savage. Though I did toile in dyvers maneres for bringing these churles wyld they wer not redy.

When you kyllinge came to that ilond if it had been that ilond wer redy tofore the deed then wod we foughten you on the beches, in the ryveres and wodes and feldes, and in the townes and cities. But bytter, bytter, they wer not redy and now do name me not redy. And nyver wer so much blamed by so menie to one so blemeless.

DESMOND SKIRROW

GEORGE III TO THE AMERICAN COLONIES

. . . We therefore appeal to that vast body of loyal colonists to stand firm and refuse to be intimidated by those radical terrorists, those trouble makers who refuse to pay taxes, dress up as Red savages and wantonly destroy good, wholesome tea. A good deal of the incitement comes from our Eastern neighbour, but never fear, we can deal with them. Your job is to remain loyal until the day comes when you can govern yourselves. Meanwhile you will be pleased to hear that for your safety we are sending over some picked German troops to take police action against the radical terrorists. Within a few months we shall have the whole situation under control.

P. W. R. FOOT

ULYSSES TO TROY

. . . a privilege, sir.

Well, I'm glad of this opportunity to state publicly that we Greeks have the most sincere feelings towards the Trojan people.

Will you comment on the horse you're offering Troy?

Certainly. You know, there's a saying that you should fear Greeks when they offer you anything. But, believe me, the Trojans have nothing to fear in accepting that horse. It is a token of our intentions. In accepting it, the Trojans would be taking the first step towards the eventual unity of our two peoples.

Good to hear that said.

I mean it. I look forward to the day when there won't be Greek or Trojan, but brother and brother. (Lifts eyes sincerely to face lens.)

BEVIS

City Lights

Upwards and Onwards

The patient's constitution, thank goodness, is strong enough to stand up to a good deal of quackery. While the leeches wonder what to dose him with next—another bleeding, perhaps?—he is coming round of himself. Industrial production is now definitely rising: in May-June it was 3 per cent higher than the average for last year. Some credit for this recovery must certainly go to the unions and to the gradual rise in personal spending—particularly on the hire-purchase of durable goods. This rise is already being reflected in company profits. Great Universal, for example, has cheered its supporters with a small dividend increase and a 1-for-1 scrip issue: but the real

point is the turnround in group profits, which were 1 per cent down in the first half-year and 10 per cent up in the second. The Hoover results are even more striking. Home sales rose by 16 per cent in the first half of this year and overseas sales by 7½ per cent: profits rose by 64 per cent from the very low level of 1956. The results are accompanied with a warning that though sales may go on rising, higher costs are eating into profit margins. To pass on these higher costs would be disastrous for export sales and would attract an even higher purchase tax at home – the group, therefore, is going to hold its prices as long as possible.

It is firms like Hoover, whose output has been kept well below capacity by HP restrictions and a high purchase tax, that are best placed to offset higher costs by higher production. A better supply of household goods is probably the best immediate means to stop the wage-cost spiral.

* * *

The steel price increase turned out to be fashionably steep – 7½ per cent on average, and considerably more on particular products. It takes in a further improvement of depreciation allowances (no details are given) as well as the recent rise in costs, and the board specifically links it with the cost of the industry's expansion programme. It must now be hoped that steel prices will rise abroad as well. The price-advantage of British steel has now dwindled away on many products almost to nothing – a development which will scarcely help engineering exports.

While other prices are rising, tramp freight rates are still dropping steadily. Conditions are now said to be worse than at any time since the war, and only modern cargo vessels can hope to earn their keep at current prices. With practically no European demand at the moment for US coal and prospects of a good harvest, it is possible that freight rates will not recover till towards the end of the year. This situation, oddly enough, is of some immediate advantage to the UK, which is a net importer of tramp tonnage. Lower tramp freight rates, like higher Middle East oil production, increase invisible earnings and make it possible for the Chancellor to predict a payments surplus of £50m or more for the first half of this year. It is nice to know that he is at least making some progress towards his surplus. The only pity was that the news – his only contribution to last week's debate – was quite overlooked by the City editors until an anxious official brought it to their notice a couple of days later.

* * *

The fact is that the City is much more interested in the weakness of sterling than in the Chancellor's surplus. Special factors may be affecting it at the moment – the holiday season, for example, the overvaluation of the franc and the undervaluation of the D-mark – and there may be some advantage to us in the fact that temporary money is no longer tarting-up the reserve. But it is rather hard on the rest of the world. The growth of world trade in the last couple of years has been based on gold and dollars provided by the US as loans and special aid: trade has grown faster than the supply of dollars (which in any case ended up in very few pockets) with the help of mutual credits and the use of sterling as a substitute currency. Now, when trade is running up against a shortage of money and Germany is finally wrecking the EPU machinery, the substitute has ceased to do its job. This year, too, US exports may well rise to a level which will quite shut off the growing supply of dollars on which world prosperity has rested for the past few years. It is nearly time for the freedom parrots to rest from squawking.

TAURUS

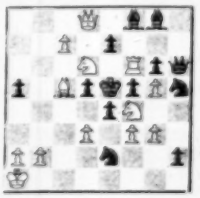
The Chess Board

No. 403. Travel-season

Since this is the height of the travel-season for those of us condemned to adapt life to the routine of schoolchildren, I might as well seek some topical connotation in offering **A**, a mate in 9 and remarkable for the fact that every move is made by travel-weary Kings. The problem was composed by M. Lissner some forty years ago, and here it is in blessedly space-saving Forsyth:/ 16/ p2p4/ P2P2p1/ k2p2R1/ 1p1P4/ 1P6/ 3KB3/. While all those travel-hints should make this a bargain for 5 ladder-points, **B** shouldn't be too difficult either for 6. It's a mate in 7, and I might add the useful hint that in the final position the Black King, were he not mated anyway, may well perish from claustrophobia. After a superficial glance at **C** one might think that the win for White can't be very difficult, but alas, we are subjected to one of those tiresome restrictions customary at the height of the travel-season. The point is that in the White camp only the QB is allowed to move, and in such circumstances it will take all of 13 moves to accomplish the mate. I offer my sincere sympathy to any competitor wondering why, on a hot summer-day, there couldn't be some easier way of earning 7 ladder-points. **D** is the sui-mate, traditional in holiday numbers. It's a very pretty one, but I mustn't give any useful hints if it is to rate as high as 8 points. For the benefit of readers unacquainted yet with that fascinating type of problem, I had better explain that White must commit suicide, as it were, by forcing Black to mate him in 8 moves; and this is not as difficult as it may look.

E—a classic—is a draw, and **F** a win for White. They are both very pretty and none too difficult, even though, what with the inflationary tendency of holiday week-ends, they rate 9 and 10 points respectively. Usual prizes. Entries by 12 August.

B: G. Zimmermann

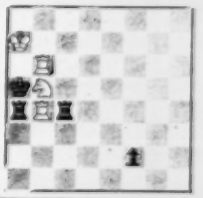


C: A de da Rivière

D: Hieronymus Fischer 1904

E: Leonid Kubbel

F: A. C. Kurchkin



REPORT on No. 400. Set 13 July

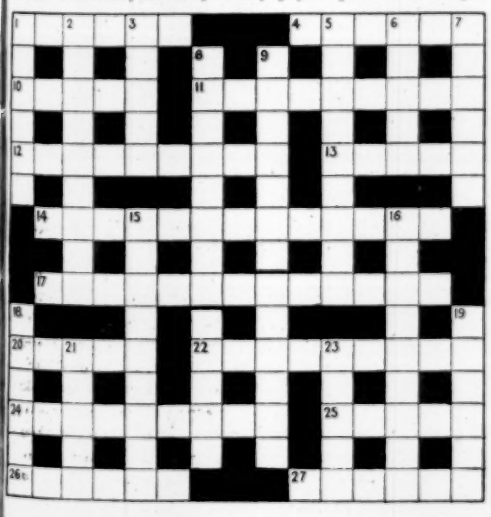
A: (1) RxP ch, KxR; (2) Kt-R5 ch, K-Kt 3; (3) Q-K3!.
B: (1) R-K7 ch, K-Q1; (2) R-Q7 ch, K-B1; (3) R-B7 ch, K-Kt1 (best); (4) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1; (5) R-R7 ch, K-Kt1; (6) KR-Kt7 ch, K-B1; (7) R-KB7, K-Kt1; (8) QR-Q7, K-B1; (9) QR-K7, K-Q1; (10) R-QKt7, K-B1; (11) R-B7 ch, K-Q1; (12) R-KKt7, K-B1; (13) QR-K7, K-Q1; (14) QR-KB7, K-K1; (15) R-QKt7 and mates next move; if (7) . . . R-KKt7; (8) Q-R7!
C: (1) R-QKt8, Q-Q4 ch; (2) K-Kt2?, QxP; (3) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1; (4) Kt-B6, etc.

Many correct solutions. Prizes shared by I. Avinery (one of our Israeli competitors), E. A. Barclay-Smith, C. G. Hilton, F. R. Oliver, J. M. Reid, C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 262

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 262, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 13 Aug.



ACROSS

1. Hair dressing manufactured by the river (6).
4. Composer whose work is set in most of an eastern country (6).
10. A monkey quiet on the turn (5).
11. A material formed from a flower behind a scientist's workshop (9).
12. A commentator, I finally appear in the final (9).
13. Mountains with nothing for the trunk (5).
14. Close relative or fellow national (13).
17. Homer (13).
20. Comic bird (5).
22. 'Yolk of egg does not match any——but a yellow——, demmit,' said Mr. Mantalini (9).
24. An article perhaps hot and burnt for a doctor (9).
25. Draft of legislation about river fish (5).
26. Fellows enclosing gold for benefactors (6).
27. Emphasise force (6).

DOWN

1. Catholic includes the good within the smart (6).
2. Much rain is distributed over a country (9).
3. The jester makes the penny go round (5).
5. Something comfortable concluding with hurt rage perhaps (9).
6. Father of literature (5).
7. Not broad, though if decapitated it may be (6).
8. They come in the New Testament where new ideas range confusedly (8, 5)
9. Where to get good views of the critical stages at tennis? (7, 6).
15. One who worries the people between the mountains (9).
16. Make excuses for a piece of wood in a balance (9).
18. Called up the dead for an enquiry (6).
19. Pursues the conversation in seconds (6).
21. Film star discovers a sailor in the drink (5).
23. Wager after it turned up for a place (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 260

I	N	T	R	O	I	T		W	O	L	F	R	A	M
N		I		C		E		I		A		U		A
S	Y	M	P	H	O	N	I	C		M	E	R	R	Y
E		O		R		S		K		P		I		F
C	O	N	G	E	N	I	A	L		L	O	T	T	A
T					N		O		I		A		I	
S	L	A	Y	I	N	G		W	A	G	O	N	E	R
		N		G					H		I			
S	A	T	A	N	I	C		A	T	T	R	A	C	T
A		I		O		O		P						W
U	T	T	E	R		B	R	O	N	O	W	S	K	I
S		R		A		B		S		D		M		N
A	L	A	R	M		L	I	T	T	O	R	A	L	S
G		D		U		E		L		U		R		E
E	L	E	U	S	I	S		E	A	R	N	E	S	T

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 260

Leslie Richfield (Cape Town), John Walker (Beith), Mrs E. M Peachey (Margate)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

CANADIAN MENTAL HEALTH ASSOCIATION REQUIRES AN EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR FOR ALBERTA DIVISION.

RESPONSIBILITIES: To administer Divisional Office in Edmonton; organise programmes; assist volunteers; help existing Branches and create new ones; maintain good public relations; serve as Secretary, Divisional Board of Directors and Committees.

STARTING SALARY: $6,000 p.a.

APPLICATIONS WITH REFERENCES to:

C.M.H.A., Alberta Division, Room 103, Crown Building 10046—101 Street, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

B.B.C. requires Overseas Producer in Wales (Cardiff). Duties involve co-ordinating and organising Welsh contributions to B.B.C.'s Overseas Services and obtaining programme material from Welsh communities overseas for broadcasting in Wales. Work includes production of talks, features and religious services, in some cases in co-operation with specialist producers. Knowledge of Wales and Welsh language essential. Foreign travel, experience of radio and ability to drive a car would be advantages. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.303 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh Department of Social Anthropology. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant in the Department of Social Anthropology. Candidates should have a good degree in Anthropology or Sociology, and preferably post-graduate experience of field research. Salary Scale £700 by £50 to £850 per annum, with placement according to qualifications and experience and with superannuation benefit and family allowance where applicable. The appointment will be from October 1, 1957, or January 1, 1958, for one year in the first instance, with the possibility of renewal for a further two years. The person appointed will be required to take part in the teaching duties of the Department, and to undertake research. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications, giving the names of two referees, should be lodged by August 31, 1957. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand). Applications are invited for a Lectureship in English. The salary scale for the position is from £1,025 to £1,275 per annum, by annual increments of £50. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is September 15 1957.

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand). Applications are invited for a Lectureship in History. The salary scale for the position is £1,025 per annum rising to £1,275 per annum by three annual increments. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is August 31, 1957.

PUBLICITY. An interesting vacancy exists in the Marconi Publicity Department for a general assistant, an "all-rounder," prepared to turn his hand to any of the wide variety of jobs handled by a Publicity Department. This man must have ideas and the ability to write crisply and clearly. The ideas of the type required usually come from publicity experience; but not necessarily so. Write fully giving details of previous history to the 'Publicity Manager,' Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Co., Ltd., Marconi House, Chelmsford, Essex, and state age and salary required.

SOLICITOR required. Full-time executive position with control of legal department, the day-to-day business of which includes the negotiation and agreement of contracts for plays, films, artistes, etc., and other legal work relative to the Company's operation in independent television. Commencing salary dependent on experience and ability. Staff superannuation scheme. Write full details of experience, age and salary required to The Chairman, Granada T.V. Network Ltd., 36 Golden Square, London, W.1.

NEW Zealand—Samuel Marsden Collegiate School for Girls, Wellington, (Independent Public School) requires in January 1958: Housemistress to be responsible for boarding house of 90 girls. Good accommodation. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Practising Anglican. Only candidates with N.Z. experience need apply. Applications should reach Education Panel, S.O.S.B.W., 43 Parliament Street, London, S.W.1 by September 1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Birmingham and West Midlands Discharged Prisoners Aid Society require a General and Organising Secretary who is also able to act as an Appeal Secretary. Applications are invited preferably from those who have had experience in Social work. While there will be a probationary period the post is a permanent one and is subject to superannuation and carries a salary of between £500/£600 per annum. Applications, accompanied by three testimonials, should be sent in as soon as possible to: The Secretary, Birmingham D.P.A.S., Queen's College Chambers, Paradise Street, Birmingham, 1.

REQUIRED in London County Council Approved Schools and Remand Homes for permanent and pensionable employment—(a) A Deputy Headmaster at Mile Oak Approved School, Portslade, Nr. Brighton, Sussex, for 80 boys aged up to 13 years on committal. Applicants should be fully qualified teachers, preferably experienced in similar work. Burnham scale plus four increments, responsibility allowance of £110 and extraneous duties allowance of £180. Modern unfurnished house available at a rental of £72. Board and lodging charge for single man £120. Annual leave 8 weeks. J.N.C. conditions of service. (b) a Housemaster at Stamford House Remand Home and Classifying Centre, 206a Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.12, to become a leading member of the team observing boys awaiting remand home reports and classification after committal to approved schools to be named. Duties will also include responsibility for a group of boys, organising out-of-school activities and games, liaison work between Stamford House, probation and child welfare officers and other officials, and escorting of boys to and acquiring knowledge of approved schools in S.E. England. Appropriate qualifications and/or experience desirable but suitable personality essential. Salary within scale £486-£803 less £120 12s for board, lodging and laundry. Annual leave 8 weeks. Single accommodation only. (c) a Housefather, Class I, at Ardale Approved School, near Grays, Essex, for 118 boys aged 15 or over on committal. Duties will include assistance with leisure activities, supervision duties, the cultivation of spare time interests and hobbies. Suitable personality and ability to take part in normal sports activities essential, appropriate qualifications and or experience desirable. Salary within range £479-£549 less £120 12s. for board, lodging and laundry. Annual leave 4 weeks. Single accommodation only. Further details and application forms (please state post applied for) from Children's Officer (CH/C.1), County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date August 31, 1957. (1459.)

HAMPSHIRE. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Educational Psychologist. The duties, consisting of advisory work in the schools and diagnostic work in the County's Child Guidance Clinic and Remand Homes, will be carried out within the framework of the Authority's School Psychological Service. Candidates must hold a degree in Psychology, and have had approved clinical training. Teaching experience is essential. Salary: Man £950-£1,150, Woman £860-£1,020, plus equal pay increment. An officer using his or her own car when travelling on County Council duties will receive travelling allowance on the County scale for the time being in force. Forms of application, with further particulars of the appointment, may be obtained from the undersigned (send s.a.e.) and should be returned not later than August 16, 1957. R. M. Marsh, County Education Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Cttee. Part-time or full-time Psychotherapist reqd. for East Quinton School, Seaford, and Red House School, Tadworth, Surrey. Honours degree in Psychology or equivalent. Recognised training and/or experience in therapy; membership of Association of Child Psychotherapists desirable. Payment: £2 10s. per 3-hour session, plus travelling expenses. Full-time salary: £1,150 × £30—£1,400 p.a. (men); £1,075 15s. to £1,292 12s. (women, plus equal pay adjustment). Suitably experienced candidates may be appointed above minimum of scale. Prescribed conditions. Application forms from Chief Education Officer, 10, Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.1, returnable by August 24 (Quote V.663 N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Committee. Brunel College of Technology, Woodlands Avenue, Acton, W.3. Required: Lecturer in Work Study in the Department of Management and Production Engineering. Candidates should have a degree or professional qualification, an interest in exploring the cost and effectiveness of work study, and ability to organise short courses and to supervise students during their practical exercises in firms. Salary in accordance with the Burnham (Technical) Report, 1956, i.e., Lecturer—£1,200 to £1,350 plus London allowance. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from the Principal, to whom completed forms must be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. C. E. Gurr, M.Sc., Ph.D., Secretary to the Education Committee.

BIRMINGHAM Council of Social Service has a vacancy for trained Assistant Caseworker. Salary in accordance with scale of the Association of General Family Caseworkers. Applications to 161, Corporation St., Birmingham, 4.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Mulberry Bush School (special school for maladjusted children fully recognised by the Ministry of Education), has a vacancy on the treatment team for general assistant. Work largely domestic, but successful applicant would work as member of team. Salary £3 per week plus full board, adequate time off. Please reply by letter giving full particulars and references. Principal, Mulberry Bush School, Standlake, Witney, Oxfordshire.

THE Mulberry Bush School, Standlake, near Witney, Oxfordshire (special school for maladjusted children fully recognised by the Ministry of Education) requires a teacher for treatment team. Extremely interesting although exacting work. Salary Burnham scale for special schools, plus board and lodging in return for limited extraneous duties. Apply by letter to Principal giving full details.

ESSEX Education Committee. Walthamstow William McGuffie Youth Centre. Applications are invited for the newly created post of full-time Warden of this Youth Centre. Candidates should preferably possess Degree, Social Science Diploma, or Teachers' Certificate. Experience in teaching and/or youth work essential. Salary (the basis of determining this is under review) at present: £475 × £25 to £900 (men) and £430 × £20 to £720 plus equal pay increments (woman). Additions to both scales for "Burnham" graduation and training together with a Membership Allowance at present £75 per annum. Increments within scale allowed for teaching, war national service, youth work and up to five years' approved previous employment. Details and forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date August 16, 1957.

CO-OPERATIVE Union Limited—Education Department. Under a special scheme of experimental work, two Tutor-Organisers are to be appointed: (a) one appointment in Consumer Education to initiate and direct work, both established and experimental, whereby the Co-operative Movement can help to equip consumers with the standard of discrimination they require in everyday life. The person appointed will work within the headquarters staff of the Education Department but will be expected to undertake intensive experimental work in selected areas throughout the country. Duration of appointment is for at least five years. Applications are especially invited from women who are interested and qualified in consumer education. (b) one appointment in Adult Education to initiate and conduct experiments in the development of Co-operative and social studies. An essential feature of the appointment is to build up information and guidance on methods of developing adult education in association with local Co-operative societies. While the appointment is to the national staff of the Education Department, the person appointed will be expected to work in selected areas throughout the country. Duration of the appointment is for at least three years. For Session 1957/58 the appointment will be based on Birmingham. Commencing salary for both posts within the range of £678 × £25 to £828, the point of entry being determined by qualifications and experience. Further details, with application forms—to be returned by Friday, August 16—may be obtained from Chief Educ. Officer, Education Dept., Co-operative Union, Ltd., Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics.

CANE Hill Hospital Management Committee, Cane Hill Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Applications are invited for the position of Psychiatric Social Worker (third). The hospital provides accommodation for over 2,000 male and female patients and serves a wide area in South London where five outpatient clinics are held. Clerical assistance is provided. Applicants must hold an approved Mental Health Certificate. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with those prescribed by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council 'A' for the Health Service. Applications giving the names of two referees should be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

MATRON for boy & girl boarders wanted September, experienced, capable and kind. Interesting educational work. Good salary. Box 3984.

THE Brentwood Recuperative Centre for mothers and children needs an assistant. Applicants should be interested in work with mothers who come to Brentwood for rest and for training in home management. Further particulars from the Warden, Brentwood, Marple, Cheshire.

WORKERS' Educational Association, London District, require Organiser to develop Adult Education work with Trade Unions and other working class bodies. Experience in Adult Education and knowledge of Trade Union Movement desirable. Salary £600 to £700 (maximum under review). Application forms from S. Church, 28 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1.

FULL-time Teacher in Maths., Biology and Geography required in September in a Vocational College. Write stating qualifications, etc, to 1262 London Road, S.W.16. Tel. POLlards 1354.

ACCOUNTANT wanted to take charge of the Accounts Department of a well-established Holiday organisation, Head Office London. Staff retiring scheme. Applicants in age-group 27-41 preferred, with recognised qualification. Apply with full particulars, including experience and salary, to Box 4312.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ST. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Art Therapist required. Salary £400 x £15 p.a. to £550, plus London Weighting. Candidates should possess the patience and understanding necessary to enable patients to express themselves in some art form. Permanent and pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applic. giving full details of exp. or training, with copies of 3 testimonials to be sent to the Physician Superintendent.

WESTMINSTER Hospital, S.W.1, require Psychiatric Social Worker for work with both adults and children, out-patients and in-patients. N.H.S. salary scale. Experienced applicants without Mental Health Certificate considered. Post vacant early August. Particulars from VIC. 8161, Extn. 325. Applic. giving 2 refs. to House Governor.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £29 0s. 10d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

VACANCY.—Head of Social Insurance Department of National Union of Mineworkers. Salary £1,017 per annum. Contributory Superannuation Scheme. Apply for full details to the Secretary, National Union of Mineworkers, 5 Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

SUPPLIERS of factory-made buildings throughout the world, require well-educated young man as assistant in Publicity Department for direct mailing and press relations posts. Must have writing ability; skill at layouts would be an asset. Write giving full particulars of experience and stating salary required to Box 4353.

ADVERTISING Assistant wanted for Machine Tool Makers. Knowledge of engineering helpful but not necessary. Able to write copy for catalogues, direct mail pieces, check printer's proofs. Accuracy essential. Non-contributory Pension and Assurance Scheme. Write: F. J. Edwards Ltd., 359 Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

SCIENCE Correspondent required by national newspaper. General science training and some specialist qualification essential. Box 4332.

ADAPTABLE, reliable, methodical, tactful woman to run dairy farm office. Esp. typing, figures. P.A.Y.E. essent. Real scope for right person. Cottage available. Write fully: Man. Dir., Wrays Farm, Horley, Surrey.

MOTHERLY woman wanted to keep house for Univ. lecturer (f.) and 3-4 coloured women students. Box 4361.

MARRIED couple required as houseparents at large cottage type home for deprived children in Essex. Salaries £430 1s. rising to £500 11s. and £415 19s. rising to £486 9s. respectively each less charge for lodging etc. Single applicants also considered. Apply Children's Officer (CH/NEDO/1462) County Hall, S.E.1.

THE office is in the Haymarket, the staff small, the atmosphere pleasant. Lady up to 40, required to deal with orders dept. Typing and tidiness essential, good character even more. Salary £8-£9. No Saturdays. Please 'phone WHI. 6920, or write Box 4380.

PERSONAL Secretary, 25-40 years, required by General Secretary of Professional Trade Union. Appointment to commence August 26. Proficient shorthand, typing, filing, arranging engagements. Salary £577 to £687. Five-day week, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Pension Scheme. Offices near Victoria. Holiday arrangements will be honoured, with salary. Apply General Secretary, E.P.E.A., 102 St. George's Square, London, S.W.1.

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HAVE you tried the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield St., Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. GER. 2848 (5 lines).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN graduate (40's), Geography specialist, wants part-time work. Free after Xmas. Prefers S.E. counties. Expd. research, editing, typing. Box 4146.

YOUNG man, 21, agile and adaptable, seeks employment in farm for 2 years. Any remunerative offers welcomed. Box 4344.

WOMAN, 26, trained Primary schoolteacher, now seeks other work in London. All offers/suggs. welcome. Box 4400.

VERBATIM Shorthand Writers, Duplicating, Typing, Translating. Mabel Eyles Duplicating & Secretarial Agency, 395 Hornsey Rd., London, N.19 ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS seeking able office staff m. or f. are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 6644.

PERSONAL

LARGE tin travelling trunk wanted. Offers: HAMpstead 0225.

FOREIGN girl wanted au pair, from early October. Journalist's family, 2 small girls, in N.W. London. Box 4399.

ITALIAN Journalist's family living in modern Rome flat, car, etc., offers hospitality to well-educated English girl willing to look after boy aged 6, and twins 13 months. Possibility to enjoy Roman life, 2 days free weekly, pocket money. References exchanged. Reply to: Bruno Pieroni, c/o Associated Press, Piazza Grazioli, 5, Roma, Italy.

FERTILE minds wanted able to think of a germ of an idea for a 3-4 minute road safety film for cinema showing. £10 for the idea used. Closing date August 17. Maximum 250 words. To Road Safety Organiser, Civic Centre, Dagenham.

TO let Sept. 1 to 21, Studio/flat Regents Pk. area, sleeps 5. Box 4138.

SCHOOLMASTER, yng. family, urg. needs £100 for a few months. Box 4404.

URGENT. Will anyone lend woman £150 by Aug. 15? Will work off debt (many years' experience child-nursing, housekeeping, etc.) to repay. Box 4402.

WILL ex-nurse look after active lady 93, Sevenoaks. Temp. or Perm. Box 4363.

FRENCHWOMAN, writer, sks. accom. in Eng. countryside, August. Quiet and freedom of late rising essential. Box 4301.

SEAT avail. Daimler-brake to Dolomites Aug. 23, ret. Sept. 12. Box 4374.

BENEFICIAL general massage by expert trained Nurse-Physiotherapist. Highly recomm. for tiredness & general well-being. Appointments HAM. 2514, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

PROPERTY: professional man of experience would like to join another person with time and money in conversions and improved resales. Box 4303.

ALL expenses offered for car and driver, London/Scotland/London, Sept. 12-19. Three passengers. Moller, Hoxne, Diss.

MINOR 1000 Alps & Florence Aug. 30 3 wks. Sh. exps. 1-2 seat(s). Box 4382.

JOIN Now. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Guinea entrance fee suspended until Sept. 15. A few vacancies. Special terms for married couples.

IF you would still like to speak Italian effortlessly in three months, 'phone Setogni, WEL. 7411 & 7412.

TWO seats avail. Consul London to S. France Sept. 6. Returning 23. Box 4346.

CAR Party touring Spain Aug. 29-Sept. 17. Room for 2. Share exps. Box 4184.

HOLIDAY in Sevenoaks old-world house & gdn. in return mind puppy. 3 weeks from Aug. 22. Refs. reqd. Box 4375.

FISHING holiday for single person, beaut. secluded river, Salisbury. Use of punt. Accom., meals, 6gns. p. wk. Box 4336.

CHILDREN over 10 welcomed to mix with children from France for summer months in Woodland Property in Chilterns (800ft.). Information from The Town & Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3.

SEA, sunbathing, music. Cottage/flat, sleep 2, with piano, wanted two weeks September. Cornwall preferred. Box 4291.

FREE Winter Sports Holiday. We can offer a completely free holiday to anyone who can make up a party (adults or school party) of a minimum of 15 members. Full details from Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KBN. 0911 & 9225.

HUMANISM is a modern outlook. Write: 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W.8.

ITALIAN girl (18) offers stay in Rome in return for previous or subsequent stay in England this summer or autumn. Write Guidi, Centro Nazionale Ricerche, Piazzale Scienze, Rome.

TEXTILE director, 28, overbought abstract paintings, sks. assignment-cum-holiday, mind or muscle, pref. abroad, some expenses. Any fortnight. Box 4311.

EXPD. Honours grad. coaches children for 11-plus exam. London. Excellent testims. F. Wooldridge, 27 Angel House, N.1.

REST at Forest Sanctuary, Stutterheim, C.P., S. Africa. Apply: Lady Warden.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500, Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recording. Small hall & committee rooms also available. Apply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., London, W.C.1.

DORDOGNE and Hendaye: 15-day camp tour Aug. 17, few seats. MAI. 9086 or Box 4277.

GRAPE-Harvesting/France for males 18-30 yrs., board and lodging free plus pocket money. Few vacancies available Sept. 10, Oct. 25 only. Eductor, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KNI. 4132 & KEN. 8806.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

BACHELORS' help service. Darning, washing, ironing etc. ELG. 5671 ext. 33.

PERSONAL—continued

URGENTLY required: furnished accommodation for 2 adults (F) & 2 small children, 50 miles London, preferably country, for long let. Full time services of experienced Sec. Sh. typist available. Box 4141.

BACH., 34, making Cont. car tour Sept. sks. m. comp. 25-40. Intsted. Arts, sea & sun. Route undecided. Box 4424.

GRANADA, city of Falla and Lorca. If you know no Spanish, or if you know a great deal, there is a Course for you at the Sacro Monte now till August 24. Join when you like: stay as long as you like. Details of this pleasantest, most intelligent and cheapest holiday from Instituto de Lenguas Modernas, Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

ITALIAN, French, German knowledge for holidays. Easy, successful method. Also coaching to Univ. entrance. Mrs. Chanda, 4C Holford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 7322.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Will members please note that the Members' Room and Bar will be closed at 7 p.m. from July 28 until September 6, Monday-Friday, and remain closed all day Saturday.

VALUES & Purpose in Work & Leisure: Aug. 22-Sept. 5, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also Life Drawing course, Aug. 23 weekend "Learning Italian".

FREEDOM, peace and happiness—What holds the world back? Hear Progressive League views and give yours. Write Secretary (C), 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship), founded 1939 to assist the New Author. Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions. Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Upton Bishop, Ross-on-Wye.

TELEVISION Scripts. A Literary Agency specialising in scripts for films and television is prepared to handle the work of additional established writers or unestablished writers who, with a little guidance, could soon attain the required standard. Original dramatic plays, comedy plays and T.V. programme outlines should be sent, registered post, to: Richard Milne and Partners, 12 Mornington Avenue, London, W.14. Reasons for unsuitability of returned material will be given wherever possible.

LET me trace your ancestry. Genealogical research all kinds. Terms mod. Box 4385.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KNI. 4132.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

REGINALD Reynolds' new play for the toy theatre, Massacre of Penny Plain, 3s. 6d. Catalogue of theatres & plays: Benjamin Pollock, 44 Monmouth St., W.C.2.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

"U" DOGS only, shampooed, clipped, etc., at "Caniche" Dog Beauty Parlour, 89a Wigmore St., W.1. WEL. 3503.

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A few vacancies still remain on some of our late August and September tours. SICILY: Three weeks sightseeing tour £61. ITALIAN ISLANDS tour, 15 days, £48. ITALIAN ALPS two-centre walking holiday, £39 for 15 days. POSITANO coastal holiday, 15 days, £49. NAPLES, SORRENTO PENINSULA, ISCHIA, three weeks walking and sightseeing for £53. CAMPING IN CORSICA, 16 days £39. A FORTNIGHT AT BLED, Yugoslavia, £33. FRIBOURG ALPS WALKING TOUR, 16 days for £39. Swiss FOUR-CENTRE Walking Tour, air travel to Basle, 16 days £42. APPENZELLERLAND two-centre holiday, with air travel, 16 days £40.

For details of these and other unusual and interesting tours write to

RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION SERVICES, LTD., 48a PARK ROAD, BAKER STREET, N.W.1.

HOLIDAY VACANCIES

We still have a limited number of vacancies on some of our August arrangements in Britain or on the Continent. In September we can offer you a wider choice including our Swiss Lakeside party during the Montreux Music Festival (Aug. 30 to Sept. 15). Contact us immediately for details: ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

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SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horam. 'Phone 211. 12mls. Eastbourne. Wooded grnds. Everything home-made. From 6gns.

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NEW School, Kings Langley, Herts (co-ed. day and boarding). Based on Steiner methods, avoiding early specialisation. Nursery ages, 3-6. Lower school, 6-14. Upper school, 14-18. G.C.E. exams. Transport for younger children within 5 mile radius.

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